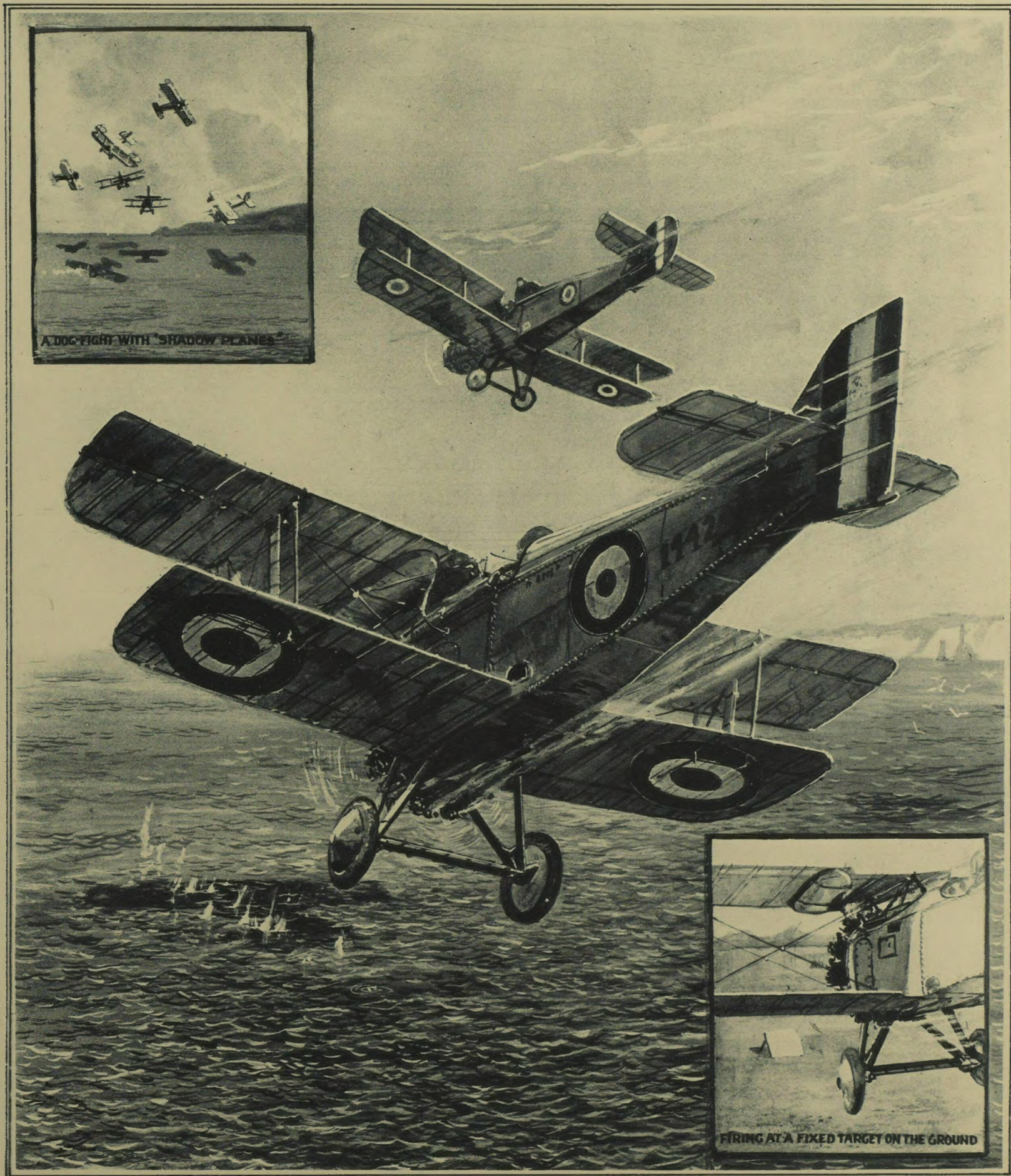


# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1926.

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SUN-MADE TARGETS FOR R.A.F. MACHINE-GUNNER PILOTS: A SINGLE-SEATER FIRING AT THE SHADOW OF A TWO-SEATER, WHICH NOTES RESULTS—(ABOVE) A "DOG-FIGHT" WITH SHADOWS; (BELOW) FIRING AT A GROUND-TARGET.

Constant practice is going on in the Air Force to improve the machine-gunnery of the pilots of the fast little fighters that are our first line of attack. In these machines the guns are fixed, and the machine is manoeuvred to bring the guns to bear on the target. Various types of target are in use, including the fixed ground target as seen in the small drawing in the bottom right-hand corner; but the advantage of moving targets is obvious,

and, during days when the sun shines, the R.A.F. takes advantage of it to indulge in shadow-shooting. A two-seater (probably a Bristol "Fighter") goes aloft over the sea, followed by a fast single-seater; the two-seater's shadow is thrown on the sea, and the single-seater twists and turns after it, swooping down and firing at the shadow. The spurts of foam are clearly seen from the two-seater, and the correctness of the aim noted.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS. (COPYRIGHTED.)





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WE have all of us been hearing for some time about the proposal to pull down the City churches. Some of us have a certain sympathy with the view that it would be much better to pull down the City. In the long reaches of history the irony of the contrast disappears. There must be a good many Greek or Egyptian temples still standing when the towns or villages that clustered about them have dissolved into dust. In looking at those temples we still have, if we are at all imaginative, a sort of mystical sympathy. We have a sense that, after all, the temple did not really exist to serve the city, but to serve the god. But it is a sort of sympathy we seem only able to feel in the case of a heathen god. Any number of neo-pagan poems have been written describing such gods as still hovering like ghosts over such temples. Any number of modern poets have written about ancient ruins still haunted by dog-headed Anubis or great green-eyed Pasht. They seldom expressed much sympathy for the human inhabitants of those vanished cities. But, in the case of the vanished cities, at least the inhabitants did inhabit. They worked, wedded, dined, and slept in their own town, and were often attached to it by a

cosmopolitan, while religion is generally to some extent national, even if it is also international. Being an expression of the whole life of a people, it gives some expression to the local and traditional life; whereas mere commercialism of its nature becomes more and more a shuffling and interchange of different products. The London churches do preserve a certain historic character of London; they do remind us of a typical passage in the history of England. But the merely commercial life of England becomes less and less English; and the material machinery of London is looking more and more like New York. It seems likely that, as has so often happened, things native and domestic will have to retire into sanctuary. It will be a long time at least before the last monument of Wren vanishes with the fall of St. Paul's Cathedral, as the last monument of the Regent has vanished with the fall of Regent Street.

In that sense it is not so much a question of the preservation of London churches as of the preservation of London. London has a soul of its own; it therefore has a soul to be saved; but nobody seems to bother very much about saving it. And it seems

up much more room in the streets, and also much more room in the newspapers. They do stand, in some fashion, for the moment, for the fact that it is not the sky-scraper that is nearest to the sky. A man must have some little sense of craftsmanship and history to know how good is some of the seventeenth-century carving, even of the florid and lightly classical sort. He does not need anything but a neck to crane and eyes to goggle with in order to appreciate a sky-scraper. The taste for mere size is not merely more vulgar; it is also more backward and barbaric. It is all the difference between Rembrandt or Velasquez studying the subtleties of an ordinary face and the yokels in a village staring at the giant in a show. And, in so far as it is a war between barbarism and civilisation, I hope I am on the side of civilisation not for the first time.

But even where the larger thing is all right in its place, it is here out of place. Even when it is good as a sky-scraper, it is not suited to the sky. The first rule of all good scene-painting is to remember the back-scene. It is an error to paint even Aladdin's



INCLUDING HIS MAJESTY THE KING: THE GOODWOOD HOUSE PARTY.

In the back row (left to right) are Sir Charles Cust, Major M. Drummond, Captain Lancaster, Miss Biddulph, Sir Terence Falkiner, Miss Meysey Thompson, Captain and Mrs. Featherstonhaugh, Sir William Bass, Viscount Lascelles, Colonel A. Duff, H.M. the King, Earl of Durham, Earl of Sefton, Lord Cochrane, Duke of Northumberland, Colonel Clive Wigram, Lord Knaresborough, Lady Helen Seymour,

Earl of Cavan, Sir Leonard Brassey, Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox. In the second row are Lady Falkiner, Sir Hedworth Meux, Lady Noreen Bass, Marchioness of Linlithgow, Duke of Richmond, H.R.H. Princess Mary, Duchess of Northumberland, Lady Meux, Countess of Mar and Kellie, Countess of Cavan. Sitting on the ground are Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox, Lord Henry Seymour, Lord Hugh Percy, Earl Percy.

high religion of patriotism. So did the inhabitants of our City, in the days when people built churches there. Now that the City has become a vast warehouse, there is much less cause for a poetic lament over its destruction. The reader will be relieved to hear, however, that I have no immediate intention of setting fire to London, or of attempting to repeat the great conflagration which was recorded (entirely wrong) on the Monument. I merely say, in a general historical sense, that the mysterious description of a man as being Something in the City might have been extended in ancient times even to so humble a calling as being a Priest in the City. And I do say that, when we see humanity in retrospect and perspective, we generally find their religion more interesting than their commerce. Even the most commercial cities of antiquity, like Tyre and Carthage, were not so lively and entertaining when they were making out bills-of-lading or recording the fluctuation of the shekel as compared with the drachma, as when the more poetic side of their nature led them to throw babies into the furnace of Moloch.

But the comparison of commercial and religious centres is connected with another question that is perhaps more immediately modern than the worship of Moloch. We have not got quite so far as reviving that sort of Eastern mysticism as yet, though there is no saying what we may come to eventually, with a judicious combination of neo-pagan nature-worship and our efforts to restrict the population. But, anyhow, it is more and more plain that commerce is

possible that the quaint old Wren churches might still do something towards saving the soul of London, even if we have given up all hope of any churches saving the souls of Londoners. For those seventeenth-century buildings had a character and expressed a spirit, even if it be not what I myself should regard as the highest spirit. I am (as my enemies have discovered with diabolical, but slightly monotonous, glee) a mediævalist; and it is my instinct to seek the highest spirit in what was once the highest spire. For the old Gothic St. Paul's, that stood on Ludgate Hill before the Great Fire, was said to be the loftiest building in Christendom. It must have looked very magnificent, rising to such a height upon such a hill. Old St. Paul's might even have been spared by the American invader as being quite a respectable sky-scraper.

Nevertheless, I do not desire the present Renaissance dome of St. Paul's to be immediately replaced by a Woolworth tower. However it may stand in relation to Christendom, it stands in a very important position in relation to Europe. It does to that extent represent the spirit of Europe; and in this particular conflict I sympathise with the spirit of Europe as against the spirit of America. Something of the same part is played in a smaller way by the other Renaissance churches; in so far as they do testify to the idea that culture is a thing rather of quality than quantity. They do suggest that quaint things in quiet places may reveal the secret of our deep human past often better than buildings that take

Palace without knowing whether its domes and minarets are to be outlined against the back-scene of the Blasted Heath or of the Nile with the barge of Cleopatra. The more inappropriate is the background, the more it will fall forward into the foreground. And our scenery, in several senses, has rather a way of falling down on the actors. Our scenery is of the sort that keeps the scene-shifter very busy shifting. Our back-scene is always a transformation scene. To some it may seem a rather dismal sort of dissolving view. To others (including myself) its cold clouds and gradations of grey seem to be the very vision of real romance. But, anyhow, English weather is emphatically weather; as is implied when we talk of having to weather it. There is no such thing as the English climate. Now the best American architecture is very fine architecture, as, for example, the Pennsylvania Railway Station in New York. But the best American architecture is classical architecture, of the same kind as the best Greek and Roman architecture. At least, it is partly of the same kind, and partly for the same reason. It was built for a climate; it was built to stand up clear and clean-cut against a sky that looks as solid and steady as the stone; a pure pattern of white upon blue. It is suitable to the hard light and the cloudless spaces about the towers of Manhattan; and there, like anything else that is in its place, it is a splendid thing to see. But even the invaders who have brought over American buildings have not yet imported any large blue fragments of American sky.



# A NEWS-BAG: GAMES; CIVIL AVIATION; AND THE DUKE OF YORK.

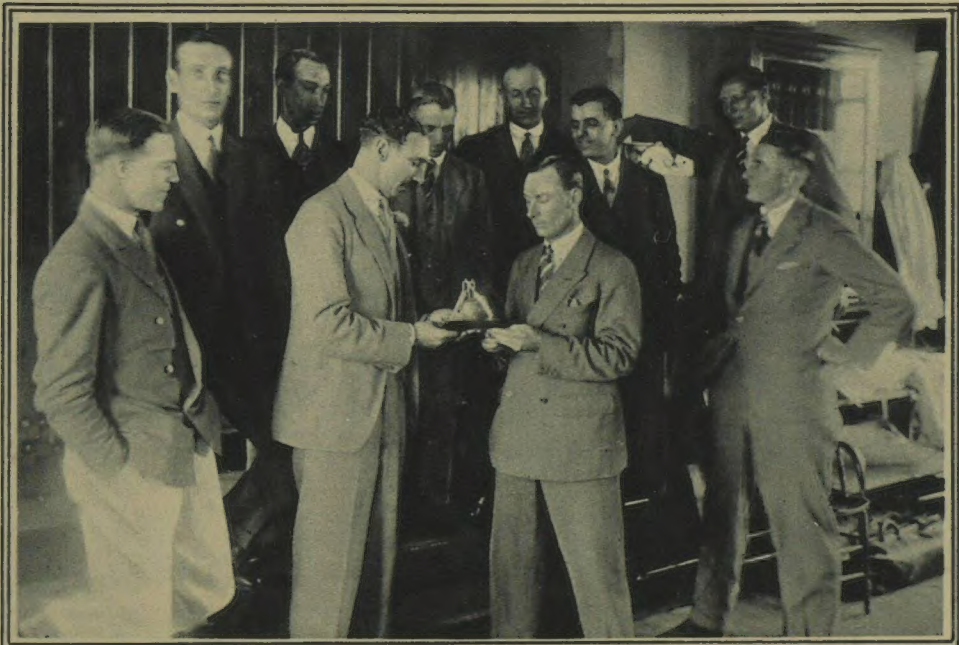
PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G., L.N.A., C.N., AND C.P.



AKIN TO THE OLD "HOUSE-PARTY" CRICKET WEEK: POLO AT COWDRAY PARK—THE '17-21st LANCERS' v. SCOPWICK.

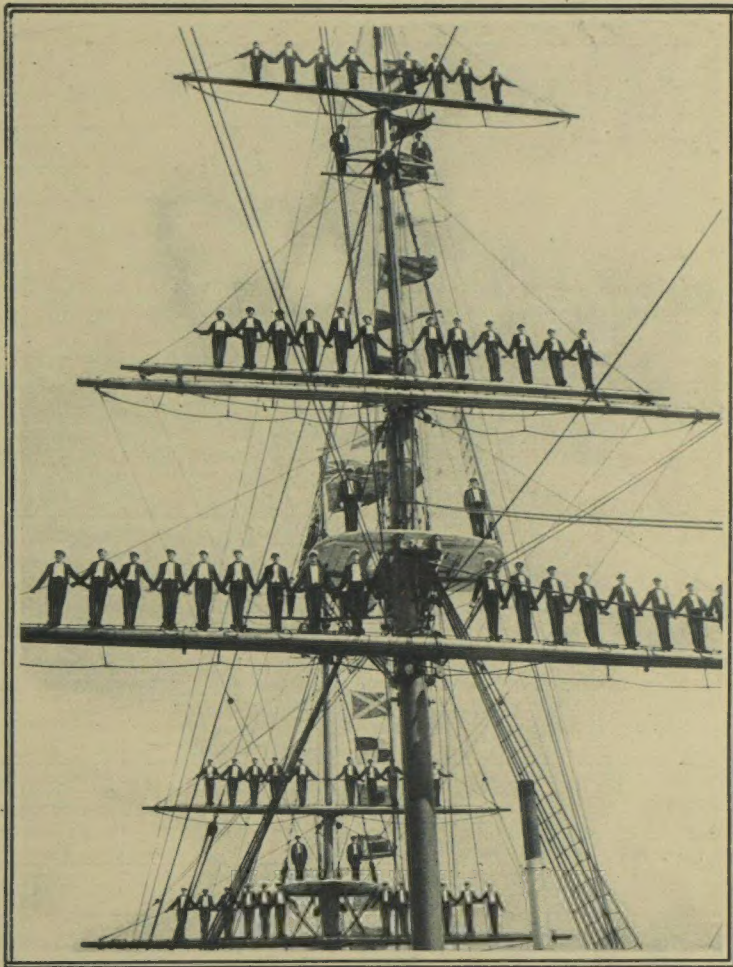


CARRYING TWENTY PASSENGERS ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: THE WORLD'S BIGGEST AIR-LINER, "ARGOSY," LEAVING CROYDON FOR PARIS.

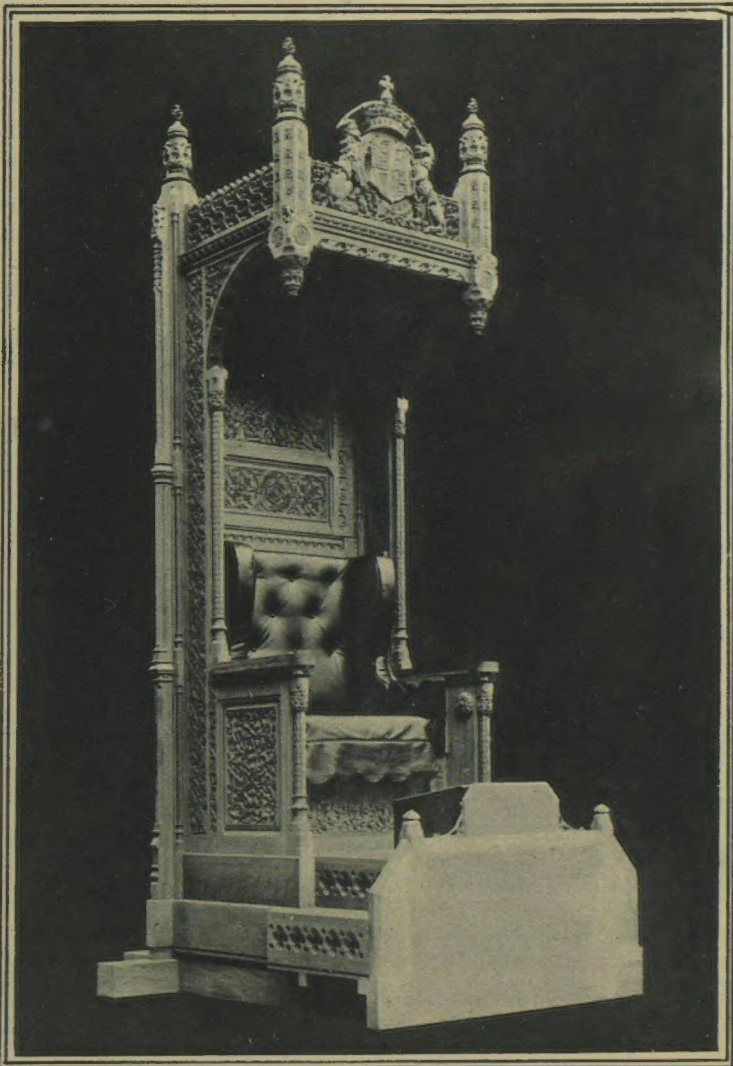


PRESENTED WITH THE BALL OFF WHICH HE COMPLETED HIS 126TH CENTURY: JACK HOBBS AT THE OVAL.

The official London polo season is over, although there will be games until to-day, the end of the first week in August. Now is the time of the county clubs' "Polo Weeks," of which the tournament at Cowdray Park is an excellent example.—The "Argosy," the new giant air-liner of the Imperial Airways, which is the biggest passenger-carrying commercial aeroplane in the world, made her maiden voyage to Paris from Croydon on July 29, with a full load of twenty passengers.—During an interval in the match between Surrey and the Australians, at the Oval, Jack Hobbs was presented by Mr. P. G. H. Fender with the ball



DRESSING SHIP FOR THE VISIT OF THE DUKE OF YORK TO PRESENT PRIZES: CADETS OF THE TRAINING-SHIP "WORCESTER," OFF GREENHITHE.



FOR THE NEW FEDERAL PARLIAMENT OF AUSTRALIA, WHICH THE DUKE OF YORK IS TO OPEN: A REPLICA OF THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR AT WESTMINSTER.

off which he completed his 126th century last year, thereby equalling W. G. Grace's record.—The Duke of York paid a visit to the training-ship "Worcester," off Greenhithe, to present the prizes gained by the cadets during the year. The "Worcester" was dressed over all, and the cadets manned the yards.—When the Duke of York goes to Australia next year to open the new Federal Parliament, he will find there a replica of the Speaker's chair at Westminster, made with timber 600 years old from the roof of Westminster Hall and also from timber from Nelson's old ship, the "Victory."

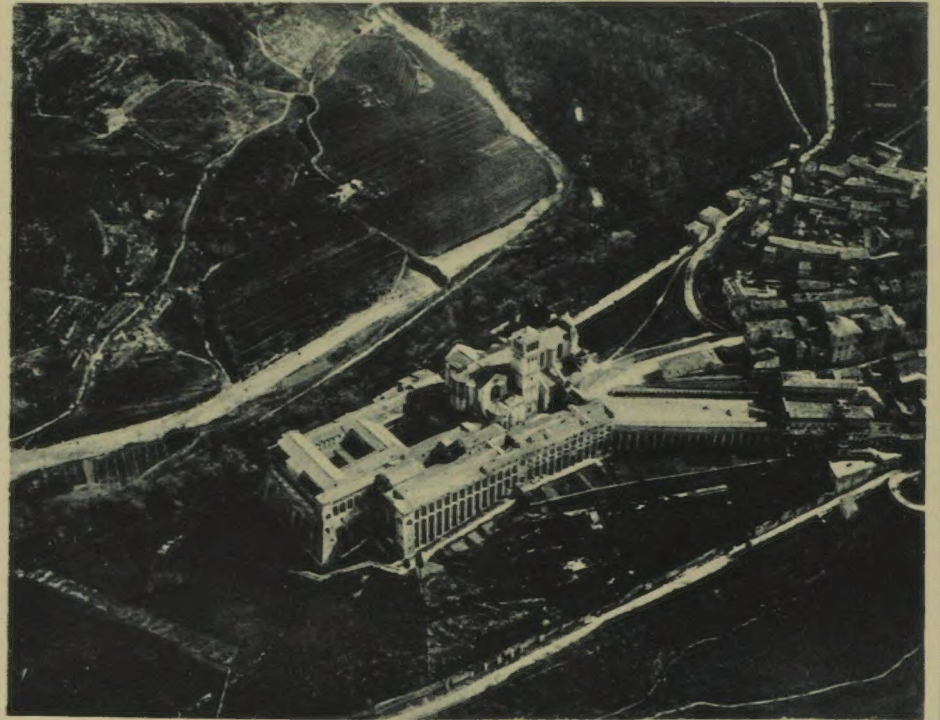


# THE SEVENTH CENTENARY OF THE DEATH OF ST. FRANCIS: ASSISI.

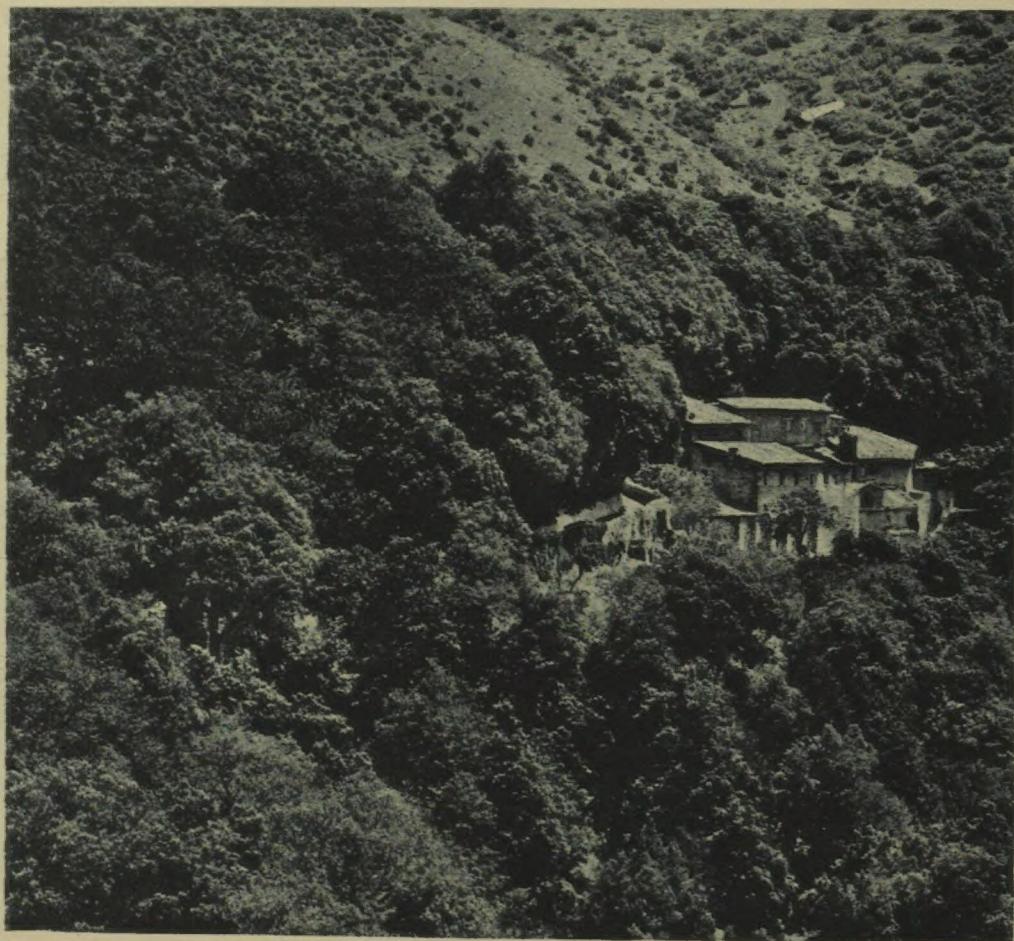
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



WHERE THE FRANCISCAN ORDER WAS FOUNDED: THE FAMOUS ORATORY—LA PORTIUNCOLA—OVER WHICH STANDS THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DEGLI ANGELI (BUILT IN 1569).



SEEN FROM THE AIR: THE DOUBLE CHURCH OF THE FRANCISCAN ORDER, AT ASSISI—EDIFICES STANDING ONE ABOVE THE OTHER, AND BUILT BETWEEN 1228 AND 1253.



WHERE THE SAINT PASSED PART OF HIS DAYS IN MEDITATION AND PENANCE: THE HERMITAGE (EREMO DELLE CARCERI) IN THE WOODS OF MONTE SUBASIO, ABOVE ASSISI.



THE FACE SAID TO HAVE BEEN COPIED FROM THE SAINT'S DEATH-MASK: A TERRA-COTTA STATUE OF ST. FRANCIS THAT IS ATTRIBUTED TO LUCA DELLA ROBBIA.

Assisi, where Saint Francis was born in 1182, and where he died on October 4, 1226, is celebrating the seventh centenary of the Saint's death, and it was arranged that the solemn proceedings should be opened at midnight on July 31, the date of the traditional occurrence of the Franciscan Pardon, with a Pontifical High Mass in the Cathedral of St. Ruffino, and a procession to the crypt below the double church of the Franciscan Order in which the Saint's body is enshrined.

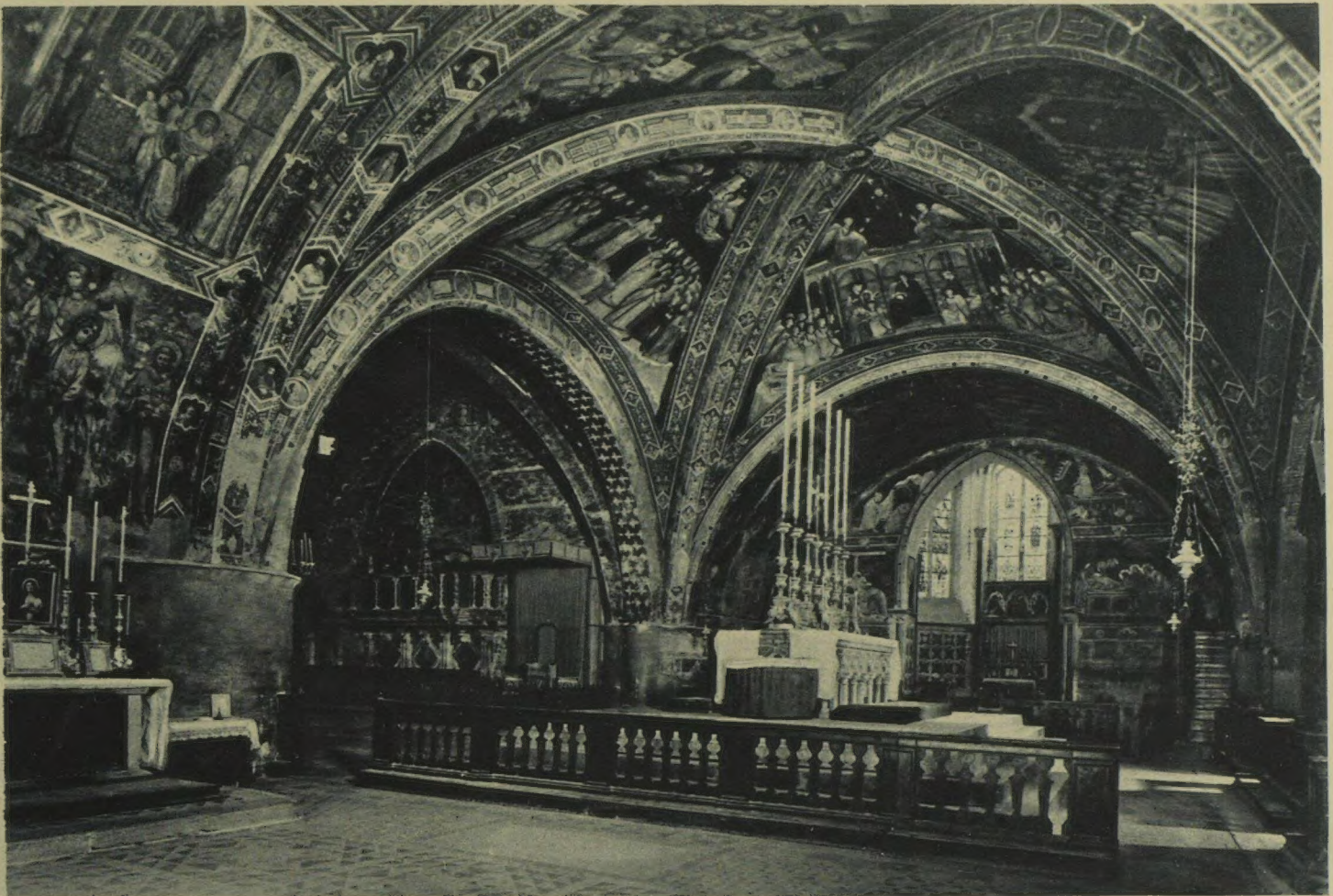
It is also suggested that Saint Francis, who has been called "the most Italian of Saints and the most saintly of Italians," should be adopted as the Patron Saint of Italy. With reference to our photographs, we add the notes that follow. The Old Oratory, over which the Church of Santa degli Angeli was built in 1569, is where the first seven followers of the Saint assembled; it saw the foundation of the Franciscan Order; and in it the Saint is said to have died. It retains

[Continued opposite.

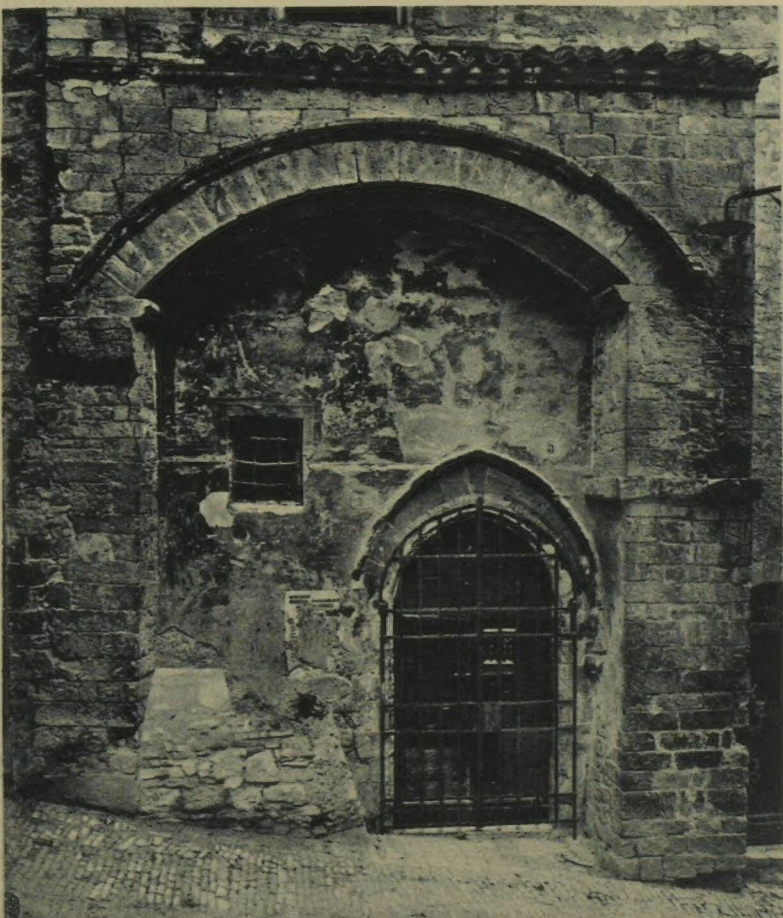


# HOME OF ST. FRANCIS—ITALY'S PATRON-SAINT-TO-BE?—ASSISI.

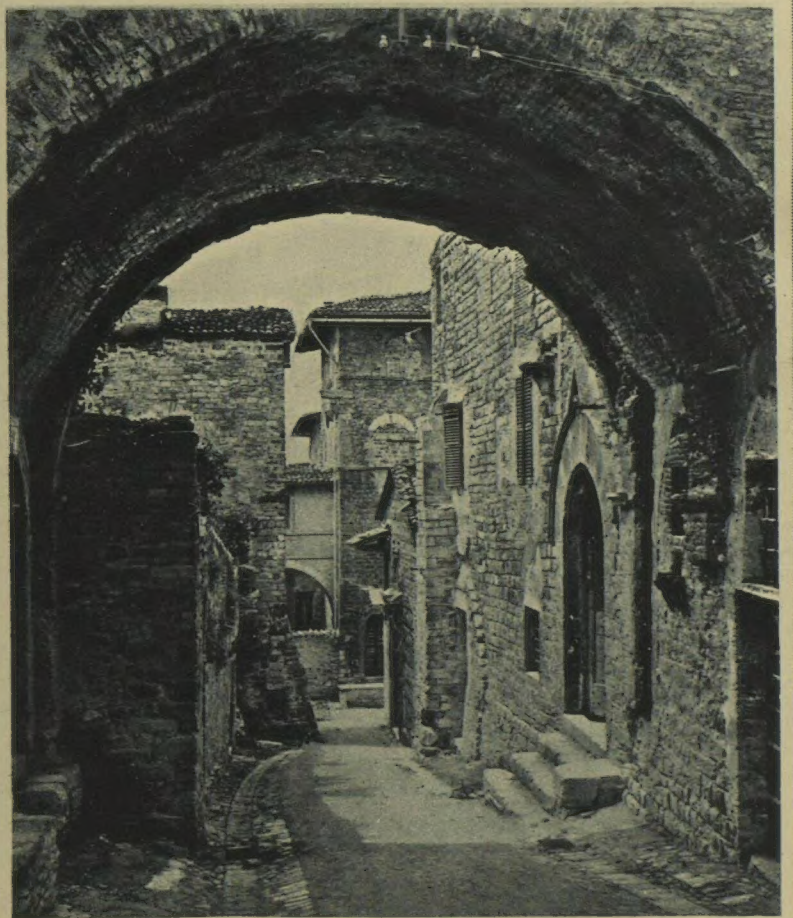
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



WITH FRESCOS BY CIMABUE AND GIOTTO: THE LOWER OF THE CHURCHES OF THE DOUBLE CHURCH OF THE FRANCISCAN ORDER, AT ASSISI; SHOWING THE HIGH ALTAR, BELOW WHICH IS THE CRYPT CONTAINING THE TOMB OF ST. FRANCIS.



IN ASSISI, FAMOUS AS A PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE AND FOR ITS INFLUENCE ON ITALIAN ART: THE HOUSE IN WHICH, ACCORDING TO TRADITION, ST. FRANCIS WAS BORN.



WITH HOUSES OF THE DAYS OF ST. FRANCIS: A STREET IN ASSISI, THE TOWN WHICH IS CELEBRATING, WITH MANY SOLEMNITIES, THE SEVENTH CENTENARY OF THE SAINT'S DEATH.

*Continued.*

its ancient name—La Portiuncola.—The famous double church was built, between 1228 and 1253, soon after the canonisation of St. Francis. In 1818 the sarcophagus containing his remains was found, and a special crypt to contain it was constructed below the pavement of the High Altar of the lower church of the double church. The decoration of this was out of harmony with the austerity of the Saint and the majesty of the churches. Matters have now been righted,

and the crypt has become a true catacomb holding the simple stone sarcophagus. The action thus taken is in accordance with the determination of Assisi to restore the town and its monuments to their earlier glories and severe beauties; and the inhabitants have been asked to renew the mediæval façades of their houses, remove disfiguring plaster, and generally restore the old order of things. The ceremonies will end on October 4, 1927.



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## ABOUT "G. B. S."—THE POLYGLOT THEATRE.

AS I write, the literary worlds of the universe unite in wishing many happy returns to the great man who, at threescore and ten, remains evergreen in mentality—a dominating force of the century.

And now I would speak of the man, not of his work—the man whose loftiness of mind is equalled



AS SEEN IN "THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE: MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD.

by the goodness of his heart. I have known him in his days of storm and stress; in the days of his ascent; in the present day of zenith—yet, perhaps, to be culminated in future creations. I have ever found him the same: bantering and blustering in speech and on his famous postcards, yet always winding up with a note of kindness, of consolation, of hope, of helpfulness. His *beaux gestes* are innumerable; many of them remain shrouded in the shades of intimacy. He is not one of those who flaunt their bounties. He may be prone to advertise his opinions—for he knows that the crowd likes to be *épâté*, and that to do so means market value—but never his good deeds. The secret history of his largesse would be as interesting as the open book of his life and work. Here are two specimens of his way of tending the helping hand and of his fealty to those who played a part in his earlier days. An author of my intimate acquaintance, a friend of his youth, asked "G. B. S." for a preface to a forthcoming book—a word of his would be a passport to success. And he wrote: "Do you know that what you ask me would be remunerated in America at the rate of ten thousand dollars?" And he chided the petitioner for his presumption. But at the end of his postcard he said: "Meanwhile, send me your proofs."

The other story is still more characteristic. Soon after the production of his first play, "Widowers' Houses"—memorably revived on July 26, his anniversary—a foreigner asked him to be allowed to translate it. Shaw was then unknown on the Continent, and he was both flattered and honoured by the proposal; so much so that he granted him the rights, not only of this play, but of all his dramatic work to come. It proved a happy thought, for thenceforward his plays ran like wildfire across the Continent. Now it so happened that these translations, however faithful, were not greatly approved of by the literary critics abroad, and time after time, so the tale goes, Shaw was urged to entrust the translation to a more skilful hand. But he would not hear of it. He is reported to have silenced the protests by declaring that "he, the translator, showed his faith in me when no one would touch my work—now I stick to him as he deserves." The words may not be exact, but the meaning reveals the real Shaw. He is as true as steel, and all his glitter is pure gold.

Here is a great chance for a pioneer. Somebody should try to do for London what is in contemplation

in Paris. There they call it "Le Théâtre des Étrangers"; here, where the word "foreigner" has a slightly invidious flavour, we should call it "The Polyglot Theatre"—the theatre of many languages. For more than ever since the war, London has become a Tower of Babel. We have in our midst colonies of nearly every civilised nation of the globe, and yet we have, now and then, but one theatre where regular performances are given in a foreign tongue. And that is the Pavilion, in the East End, whence Moscovitch came, and where intermittently a season of Yiddish plays is given by Jewish actors. Once upon a time—it seems long ago now—we had a French Theatre of our own. Its home was the Royalty, and its director the late Mr. M. L. Mayer, who carried on through thick and thin and did a great deal to pave the way for the *Entente*. His was a costly experiment, but he had some protection in high quarters, and by his astuteness, and by studding his performances with "stars" from Paris, he rendered his theatre a rendezvous of Society. Then from 1901 to 1914 we had the German Theatre—in its latter days called the German People's Theatre—and for some years it flourished, although it never made the two ends meet, because, despite fine acting and a repertory covering the classic as well as the modern school, there was not sufficient support for a six-months season in every year. For unlike French, German was not a "fashionable" language, and not one in a thousand English



THE NEW MANAGER OF THE ALBERT HALL: MR. C. B. COCHRAN, THE FAMOUS PRODUCER.

Mr. C. B. Cochran has been appointed manager of the Albert Hall. He has an ambitious programme of reorganisation, including, if permission can be obtained, great spectacles such as "The Miracle," Greek plays, boxing contests, and films.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

people could understand it. The war has no doubt altered the situation somewhat. German is studied nowadays. Again we have had incidental experiments of Italian, Spanish, and French performances at the little cave-theatre, Cosmopolis—wiped out in 1914 by the general upheaval—which went to prove that, without recourse to importation, there were actors to be found in London well able to hold their own in their native tongue.

Now, I do not believe that even at the present time there could be maintained in London a one-language foreign theatre on a permanent basis, not even in French; but there seems ample room for an institution where, in turns, performances could be given in many idioms, and I feel convinced that if the organisation were well ordered, a Polyglot Theatre would prove both feasible and interesting. I have made careful inquiries in many quarters, and ascertained that the Russians, for instance, are planning a Play-Society for next winter, where Tchekhov, Andriev, Tolstoi, and many others hitherto unknown in London, could be seen in the original. The Spaniards, too, who have a prosperous club in Cavendish Square, have given consideration to a play-cycle including the works of Benavente and Echegaray. The Italians, so I am told, are waiting for somebody to take their drama in hand as before, when, during the war, splendid performances of *Romanticissimo* were the talk of London. There is a phalanx ready for the

fray: among the waiters, the *maitres d'hôtel*, the *couturières* in our midst there is a rich crop of talent and an ardent desire to have their plays performed in their beautiful language. Among the Dutch too, there is the material to be found, and the colony is large enough and wealthy enough to patronise, say, three performances every winter of a drama which, Heyermans excepted, is an unknown quantity in England. And what about the Scandinavians, the Germans—*ça va sans dire*—the Czechs, the Hungarians, the Japanese, and the Chinese? Why, it is an endless vista.

As I said, it is a one-man job—not, for heaven's sake, to be cumbered by countless committees. Action, not palaver, should be the motto, and with a little circumspection and a great deal of energy the Polyglot could materialise with a very small amount to start. The housing question is easily solved. The little Century Theatre in Archer Street is the very place to begin economically, wisely, and well. Miss Lena Ashwell would willingly grant some dates to the newcomer, for she is all for progress and international approach.

The next thing to do for our pioneer would be to visit the Embassies, Ministries, and Consulates of the larger colonies and ask for their moral support and for information as to their lieges in permanent residence in London. A further step would be to get into contact with the members of the foreign Press in London—most of whom are well acquainted with the dramatic literature of their lands—and to enlist their help in the selection of the respective repertoires. Furthermore, all the principal foreign clubs should be notified of the project and co-operation invited; and a letter should go to the Press setting forth in terse language, but penned in confidence and enthusiasm, the object, the utility, and the wide outlook of the scheme. Last but not least, Mæcenases—for there are such in all foreign colonies in London—should be gently persuaded to vouchsafe such largesse as would form the modest but concrete basis.

I know that it will be a laborious task at the start, but after the spade-work—after the first two or three performances, if they are as adequate as they should and may be—I foresee that the Polyglot Theatre of London will occupy a unique place of its own—that it will interweave the sympathies of the English with those of the stranger within the gates. Whether it will come now or in a decade—come it will. So let one of the young grasp time by the forelock and add a chapter to histrionic history and—to the better acquaintance and amity of nations.



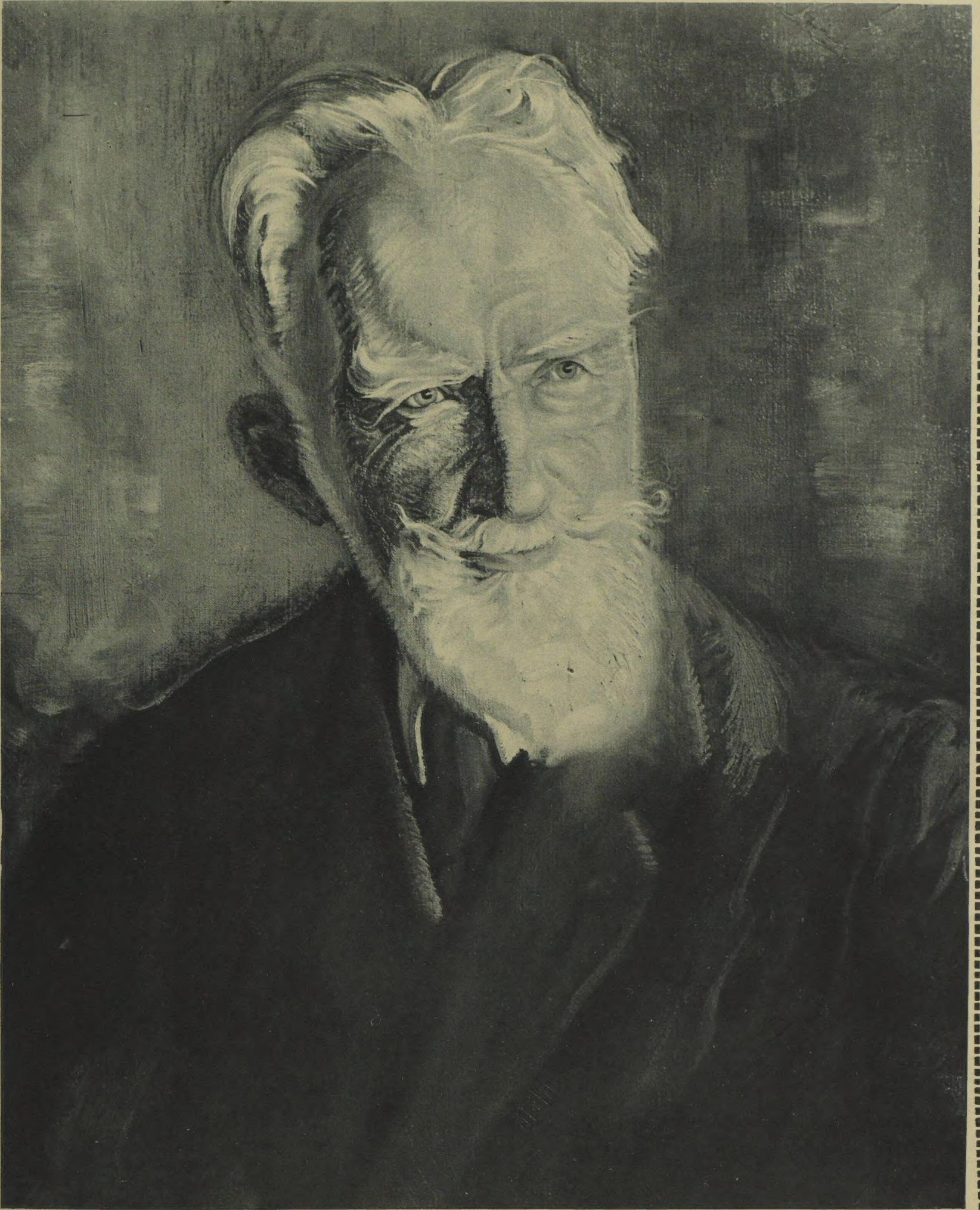
THE AUTHOR OF "DISTINGUISHED VILLA": MISS KATE O'BRIEN.

Miss Kate O'Brien, who is only twenty-seven, was born in Ireland and educated in a convent. She has earned her living in Spain, France, and America, and is now secretary and publications editor to the Sunlight League. Her play has proved a success at the Little Theatre.—[Photograph by Topical.]



# "I HAVE NOT THE GREAT MAN FEELING!"—G. B. S.

AFTER THE PICTURE BY WALTER TITTLE.



THE FAMOUS WRITER WHOSE SEVENTIETH-BIRTHDAY SPEECH WAS BANNED FOR BROADCASTING:  
MR. BERNARD SHAW.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw reached his seventieth birthday on July 26, and was entertained at a complimentary dinner given in his honour by the Parliamentary Labour Party. On that occasion, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald said that he had approached the B.B.C. with the suggestion that "G. B. S.'s" speech should be broadcasted, but that the idea had not been adopted. In answer to a question in the House on July 27, the Postmaster-General said that he would have been glad to give the permission if an assurance could have been obtained that argumentative political controversy would be avoided. Such an assurance could not be obtained. In the speech in question, Mr. Shaw said

that the public had most alarmingly been treating him as a great man. That was a dreadful fate to overtake anybody. He absolutely declined any general literary celebration of his seventieth birthday, because he foresaw that he would be celebrated as a great man. "You all know I am an extraordinarily clever fellow at my job," he continued, "but I have not got the great man feeling. . . . Get rid of the great men and you will get rid of the great nations, and then perhaps we shall be happy." To which may be added the note that Mr. Shaw gives public speaking as one of his exercises: the others, says "Who's Who," are motor-driving, cycling, and swimming.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## THE MOLE-CRICKET.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

KNOWING my fondness for living creatures of all kinds—except rats and mice—a friend sent me recently a living mole-cricket. Two had just been brought him, taken in a water-meadow at Weyhill, Hampshire. One he kept for himself and one he

are organs found in many insects, under different forms. In the earwigs they have been transformed to function as the "tweezers," familiar to us all. In others they have been modified to form ovipositors. Most of the cricket-tribe, it will be remembered, have the second

assure us that this orgy is committed by the male alone.

Why the mole-cricket should have become so scarce with us, no one has been able to suggest. At any rate, it is now confined to the southern counties, and in the vicinity of water meadows. Gilbert White finds a place for it in one of his delightful gossips. "A gardener," he tells us, "at a house where I was on a visit, happening to be mowing, on May 6, by the side of a canal, his scythe struck too deep, pared off a large piece of turf, and laid open to view a curious scene of domestic economy: there were many caverns and winding passages leading to a kind of chamber neatly smoothed and rounded, about the size of a moderate snuff-box. Within this secret nursery were deposited near a hundred eggs of a dirty yellow colour, and enveloped in a tough skin, but too lately exuded to contain any rudiments of young,

being full of a viscous substance. The eggs lay but shallow, and within the influence of the sun, just under a little heap of fresh-moved mould, like that which is raised by ants."

In the gardens of Central and Southern Europe it is very abundant. The gardeners deplore the fact, because it cuts off the roots of their favourite plants! It is caught by throwing water on the paths between the flower-beds and covering the wet places with boards. In the morning the offenders will be found underneath. After this pronounced fondness for water, it is not sur-

prising to find that the mole-cricket is a good swimmer. It is certainly a most interesting creature.



AN INSECT THAT IS VERY RARE IN THIS COUNTRY: THE MOLE-CRICKET, WHICH, AS ITS NAME IMPLIES, BURROWS FOR A LIVING.

The great "digging hand" of the mole-cricket is seen here only as a semi-circular shield on each side of the head. These "hands" are short and massive, terminating in a broad, crescent-shaped plate bearing four saw-like teeth, like the "grabbers" of dredging-machines.

sent on to me. Mine was a female, his a male. I was delighted, because never before had I seen a specimen alive, for it is now extremely rare in this country. I immediately placed my captive in a glass tank with some turf, and proceeded to furnish it with food—worms and such insects as I could come by, as well as pieces of banana. On this diet it contrived to thrive for a week or two; but one day, missing its familiar mid-day tour, I made search, and found my much-prized prisoner dead.

Though sorry at my inability to anticipate all its needs to ensure a reasonably long life, I consoled myself with the reflection that I could now examine its many strange features at leisure. It is, indeed, one of the most remarkable of our native insects, providing a striking illustration of intensive adaptation to a very special mode of life—burrowing. Other insects burrow, but they have also other activities of vital importance to perform. The mole-cricket, like his mammalian counterpart the mole, has to burrow all day long to find the wherewithal to live. All its energies have to be devoted to forging tunnels through the ground in the

great, broad, crescent-shaped plate, bearing four saw-like teeth, recalling the "grabbers" of dredging machines. They are surely most admirably adapted for digging. And now comes an amazing feature. Immediately above these teeth will be seen two flattened, oval plates, pointed at their free ends. The larger of these performs a most curious function, since it converts this portion of the leg into a pair of shears! For when, in the course of its underground wanderings, it comes across roots which impede its progress, they are cut off by the downward and backward sweep of the lowermost of these two small blades, severing the root as perfectly as would a pair of scissors!

The inside of the leg shown in the opposite photograph (right) is no less wonderful. Look carefully at the upper edge of the great saw-toothed termination of this limb, and you will see a groove. This lodges the creature's "ear." The grasshoppers and crickets all possess an ear, either opening on the body, near the hind-leg, or on the front leg, below the "knee." That it should open on the leg in the mole-cricket, having regard to its digging habits, is at first surprising. But this arrangement was settled before the underground mode of life began, and therefore no change could be made. The tegmina, or upper wing-cases, answering to the elytra of beetles, are not used in flight. They serve, first, as a protection to the wings, and also as "musical instruments." And this because one of the "nervures" on the under side of each of these covers has a file-like surface, so that when the tegmina are set in rapid vibration they rub one against the other, producing the strident sounds familiar to us in the music of the house-cricket. In some species these sounds carry over enormous distances. The mole-cricket is no exception to this rule, and my friend's male "played" after a very lively fashion whenever the spirit moved him.

The wings, when not in use, are folded up in the most wonderful manner, so as to resemble long curled rods, as shown in the adjoining photograph, projecting far beyond the upper wing-cases. In an East Indian species, *Schizodactylus monstrosus*, similar rods project beyond the body; but here they are the twisted and elongated terminations of the upper wing-cases, or tegmina. But this, by the way, is a locust, and not a cricket. The two groups, however, are intimately related, and it is sometimes difficult to say to which some species rightly belong. The delicate character of the outstretched wing is shown in the photograph. The mole-cricket lays from 200 to 400 eggs, and is a most exemplary mother—up to a certain point. For she guards her eggs very jealously, and supplies the youngsters with food up to their first moult, when they disperse, to fend for themselves. At any rate, so many as are left. For here comes the disconcerting side of the story: it has been said, on unimpeachable authority, that she devours about 90 per cent. of her progeny to satisfy her craving for a meat diet! Others, however, acquit her of this horrible practice, but



WITH WINGS WHICH ARE FOLDED UP WHEN NOT IN USE, TO FORM A PROJECTING ROD: A CURIOUS FEATURE OF THE MOLE-CRICKET.

prising to find that the mole-cricket is a good swimmer. It is certainly a most interesting creature.

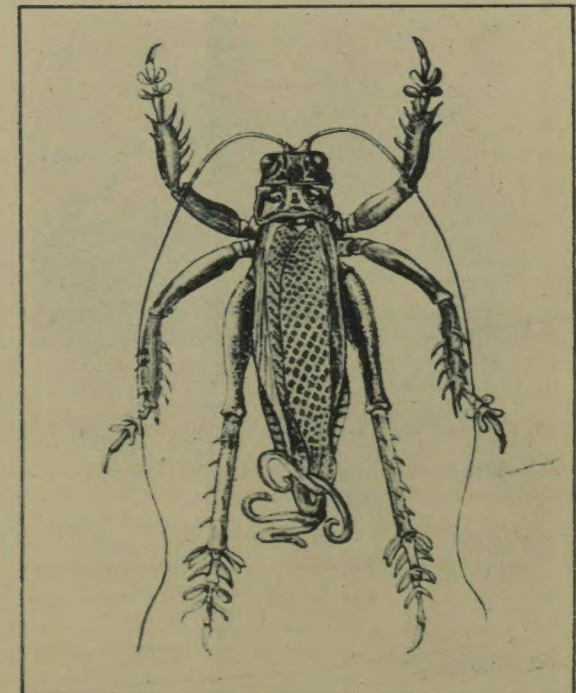


THE GREAT DIGGING LEGS AND WING-CASES REMOVED FROM THE BODY: "TOOLS" OF THE MOLE-CRICKET.

On the left, the right leg is seen from the outside, showing the remarkable shearing apparatus formed by the backward movement of the small triangular plate over the great teeth.

search for food. And so, as will be seen in the upper photograph, the whole body has had to assume a form suited to this mode of progression. But the most conspicuous of the changes it has undergone are seen in the fore-legs, which are immensely powerful, simulating in a very singular way the fore-limb of the mole. But as to these I shall have more to say presently.

The rounded form of the anterior end of the body is admirably adapted for burrowing, since it is perfectly smooth, so as to offer no resistance to the surrounding soil. The curiously curved rod projecting downwards beyond the wing-case is formed by the closely folded tips of the wings. At each end of the body a pair of long, slender, tapering rods will be noticed. The anterior pair are the antennæ; the hinder pair are known as the "Cerci." These latter



WITH WING-CASES PROLONGED INTO TWISTED RODS SIMULATING THE ENDS OF THE WINGS OF THE MOLE-CRICKET: A STRANGE CREATURE HAVING NO NAME IN COMMON SPEECH.

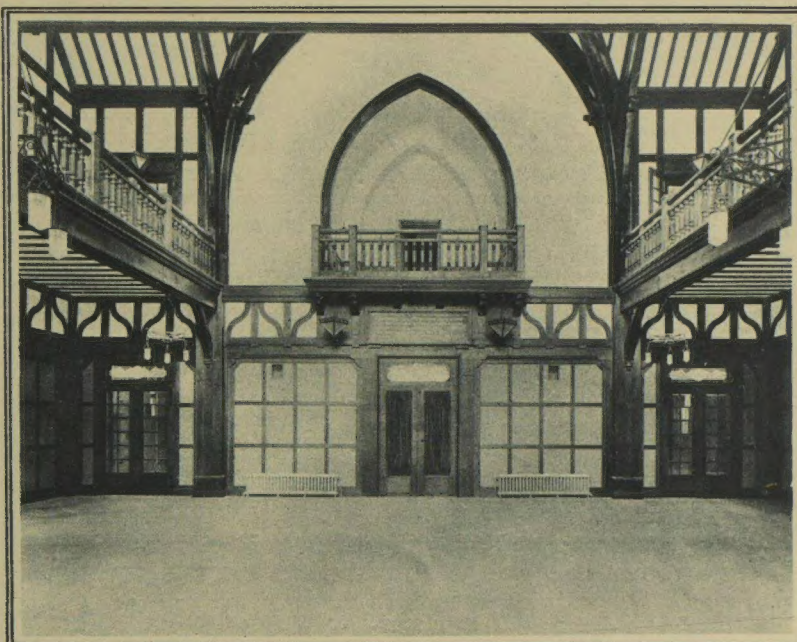


# THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

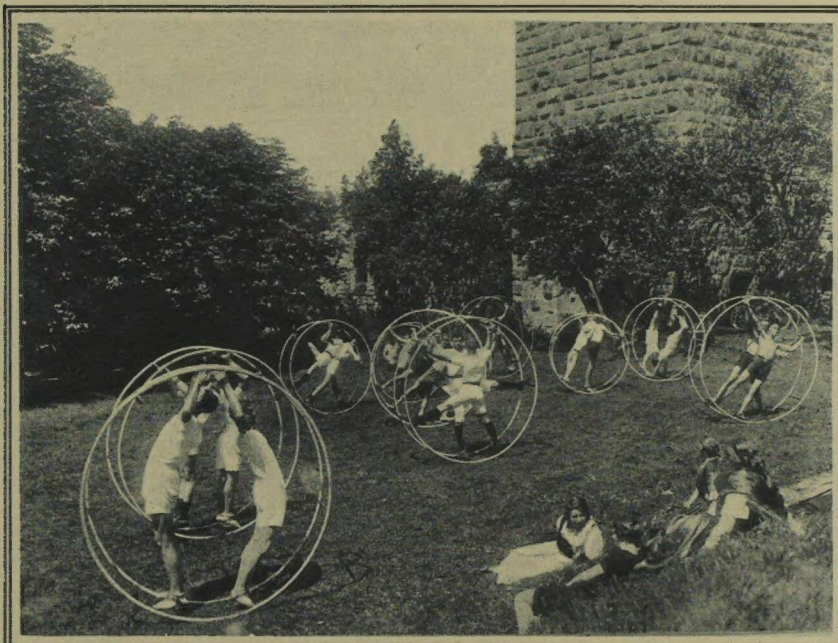
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CADÉ, FRANKL, ALINARI, P. AND A., L.N.A., AND MANUEL.



ON THE ISLAND OF CAPRI, WHERE THE CHIEF ROMAN IMPERIAL VILLAS ARE TO BE UNEARTHED: THE VILLA OF TIBERIUS, WHERE THE WORK IS TO BEGIN.



A RESIDENTIAL COLLEGE DESIGNED AFTER THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITY MANNER: THE HALL OF THE NEW "CITÉ UNIVERSITAIRE," ON THE BOULEVARD JOURDAIN, IN PARIS.



PHYSICAL "JERKS" IN WOODEN WHEELS: A NEW FORM OF GERMAN ATHLETIC EXERCISE FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ARMS AND LEGS, PRACTISED AT SALZBURG.



THE RED COFFIN OF THE ORIGINATOR OF THE "RED TERROR": THE FUNERAL OF DZERZHINSKY—ATTENDED BY HIS SON IN A STRIPED JERSEY AND "SHORTS."



A WELCOME ADDITION TO THE AMENITIES OF ROYAL COWES: THE NEW LADIES' ANNEXE OF THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON.

On July 26 Commendatore Colasanti, the Italian Director-General of Antiquities, inaugurated excavations for the unearthing of the principal Roman Imperial villas on the Island of Capri, beginning with the famous villa of Tiberius.—The new buildings of the "Cité Universitaire," in Paris, which form a residential college, have been erected with funds given to the University of Paris by M. Emile Deutsch de la Meurthe, whose belief is "To help our students is to help France." They are designed to house some three hundred and fifty students.—A German has invented the novel wheel illustrated. As can be seen, the wheels are made in various sizes, and in some of them several people can exercise at once.—In



DAMAGED BY A RUSSIAN REFUGEE, AS "A PEACEFUL DEMONSTRATION AGAINST THE AMERICANS": THE FRANCO-AMERICAN MEMORIAL IN PARIS.

the photograph of the funeral of Dzerzhinsky are seen (left to right, carrying the coffin): Rudzutak, Rikov, Stalin, Tomsy, Molotov, Kivov, with Janek (son of Dzerzhinsky) in the rear in a striped jersey and "shorts"; with Trotsky on the left saluting.—As the wives of members of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes have hitherto only been allowed in the garden of the Club, the committee have taken the house next door as an annexe which the ladies may use as a club-room in wet weather.—The memorial to the American War Volunteers, in the Place des Etats Unis, Paris, has been mutilated by a Russian. A hand of the French soldier and an arm and a leg of the American soldier have been damaged.



# THE BEST-HATED BEAST IN INDIA.

FELIS PARDUS AND HIS PREY.

By F. W. CHAMPION.

Mr. Champion follows up his very remarkable "close-up" photographs of a wild tiger in his lair, which we published, with a descriptive article, in our issue of July 24, with equally wonderful photographs of a wild leopard.

INDIA has many pests, but it is doubtful if anything is more detested than that most beautiful creature, the panther, or leopard. Indeed, from one end of India to the other, it would be difficult to find anyone to say a good word for *Felis pardus*, unless it be the many sportsmen who derive pleasure from hunting him; and even these will generally admit that a leopard is much better dead than alive.

Leopards are widely distributed all over India, and even the fact that they are classed as vermin by Government, with a price on their heads, seems to do little to diminish their numbers. Some 5000 are destroyed annually; but leopards require so little jungle to provide them with shelter, and are so prolific and widespread, that this heavy casualty list seems to make little difference.

The ordinary forest leopard is not generally dangerous to human life unless wounded or interfered with; but when it is a case of a leopardess with cubs, leopards are generally admitted by sportsmen in India to be more dangerous than tigers, since they can remain concealed in such a way that the incautious sportsman following them up only too frequently gets fatally mauled before he has time to use his weapons. The forest leopard is, however, appallingly destructive to deer, and the number of deer which must be destroyed annually by leopards is beyond computation. As an example of this, the figures for the Reserved Forests of which the writer holds charge are instructive. These forests cover some 300 square miles of Himalayan foot-hills, and, at the lowest estimate, there cannot be fewer than fifty leopards permanently in residence. These leopards feed very largely on the beautiful Indian Spotted Deer (*Cervus axis*), and each leopard, at a very modest estimate, kills at least one deer every fortnight. Hence every year, in one small forest alone, leopards must destroy over a thousand deer, many of which are the pregnant does that fall so easy a prey. With similar damage being done all over India wherever deer occur, the annual mortality from leopards must reach so huge a figure as to make one wonder how deer manage to survive in the numbers they do!

In the cultivated parts of India, also, leopards occur in fair numbers, and, there being few or no deer in such places, such leopards are forced to subsist on the village cattle, dogs, and wild pigs. They are welcome to the last-named, since the Indian wild pig is terribly destructive to crops; but they are cordially hated by the poor cultivator, for the many cattle they destroy; and by the European dog-lover, who frequently takes his favourite dog for a walk once too often, with the result that the poor beast ends an exotic existence in the stomach of an Indian enemy-to-dogs, which, away from big towns, is far worse than even the many diseases to which they are so prone in the tropics.

The leopards living in the high hills are generally the worst type of all, in that they are often hard-pressed for food, with the result that they are even more destructive to cattle and dogs, and tend to develop into man-eaters—and an Indian man-eating leopard is probably the worst four-legged fiend in the whole world. True it is that tigers annually kill more people than do leopards; but many of these are more in the shape of accident than deliberate intent, whereas when leopards take to man-eating, their smaller size, greater activity, and devilish cunning make them by far the more dangerous and difficult of the two to circumvent.

The photographs illustrating this article were taken in the lower portions of the district of Garhwal, in the United Provinces, the higher regions of which are at present being terrorised by one of these fiends, now known as the "Rudrapryag man-eater," which has already 114 people to his credit! It is clearly emphasised, however, that the photographs illustrating this article are of comparatively harmless forest leopards, and are not of the man-eater in question, since it would be criminal for anyone to attempt to waste time in photographing a brute which should, of course, be destroyed by any and every means at the very earliest opportunity. Great efforts have been made within the last year or two to lay the man-eater low; but so far no success has been obtained, and the state of terror of the local inhabitants has to be seen to be fully realised.

The pursuit of such a leopard is notoriously difficult, and in this case the natural difficulties are accentuated by the fact that the leopard (or leopards, for there may be more than one) lives in high mountainous country, where there is little jungle suitable for beating, and

The chase has now been left for the time being, for the reasons given in the following extract from a letter written by the Deputy Commissioner and published in the *Pioneer* some few months ago—

"The man-eater should be left alone from now until March; he gets very few human 'kills' in the cold weather, and constant pursuing will only increase his already phenomenal wariness. If he is left alone for these months, 'X' will come again in March, and we will both then make a protracted and determined effort to get him. I think, with strychnine in capsules and other devices that 'X' and I have now in view, we may stand a chance of getting him in March or April. I do not think it necessary to get Government formally to remove the reward, but I am letting it be generally known that the panther should be left undisturbed and allowed, as far as possible, to eat every thing he kills for the next three months. I shall similarly discourage amateur sportsmen from going to try after him until 'X' has had his chance to make the really great effort that he proposes in March.

"The idea of removing the Government reward on the death of this leopard is that the person who is willing to take the risk of killing the leopard wants no reward, and the person who wants the reward is not always willing to take the risk of killing the leopard, so that the offer of the reward does no good, but, on the other hand, does a great deal of harm. The people in the affected area believe that Government is willing to give Rs. 10,000 and four villages for the destruction of the man-eater, and, with a reward of these dimensions in prospect, co-operation between the people and the person who is out to kill the leopard is impossible."

As a photographic subject, a man-eating leopard obviously cannot be considered. The ordinary jungle leopard is, however, probably somewhat easier to photograph than the tiger, in that he is commoner and less nocturnal, but the writer has personally been more successful with the larger animal, partly because he has given more time to tigers, and partly owing to a number of misfortunes in taking photographs of leopards.

The pictures of leopards illustrating this article were taken by flashlight, but the writer has wasted one or two fine opportunities of taking good daylight leopard-photographs from the back of a well-trained elephant, and has no doubt that the making

of successful daylight pictures of leopards is well within the bounds of possibility. The smaller picture represents a leopard stealing from the corpse of a buffalo which had been killed by a tiger. The tiger returned to his "kill" later in the night, and the expression on the leopard's face suggests that he was a little nervous of the tiger arriving to claim his prey at any moment—possibly with disastrous results to the thief! The larger picture is of a leopard seizing a chital he had killed; and the finding of this "kill," and the subsequent obtaining of the picture, was a direct result of the agitated cries of the Indian Langoor monkey (*Semnopithecus entellus*), which drew the writer to the spot, and thus gave him the eagerly-sought opportunity. These monkeys, in common with most of the other inhabitants of the jungle, have very good reason for fearing and detesting leopards, since many a Langoor meets his end when sleeping for the night, perched high in the fork of a tree, but not high enough to be out of reach of such active members of the feline tribe. Hence, in the day time they are always on the look-out for their arch-enemy, who often finds it difficult to creep through the jungle in search of prey without being seen by Langoors, and, once seen, the whole jungle population is warned of the presence of their deadly foe by the harsh guttural alarm cries of the Langoors, which can be heard for an extraordinary distance, and are continued as long as the leopard remains in the neighbourhood.



STEALING A TIGER'S DINNER: A LEOPARD EATING A BUFFALO WHICH A TIGER HAD KILLED.

This leopard was photographed in the act of making a meal off a buffalo killed by a tiger. The tiger returned shortly afterwards; and there is something in the expression on the thief's face which suggests fear of interruption.

Flashlight Photograph by F. W. Champion. (World Copyright Reserved.)

where the use of elephants is obviously quite out of the question. Another difficulty is the wandering habit of the animal in question, which ranges over a considerable tract of country, in most of which it is almost impossible for the pursuing sportsmen to move rapidly from one place to another in order to follow up "kills." Again, the local people are extremely superstitious, and are loath to give news of the brute's whereabouts, because they believe that they will be haunted by the animal's spirit should they assist in any way in encompassing his destruction. Despite these obstacles, the Deputy Commissioner of Garhwal and another well-known European sportsman of the United Provinces have been making great efforts to lay the beast low, and, although they have not been successful so far, they are planning a further intensive campaign, when it is devoutly to be hoped that their plans may finally be brought to a successful conclusion. A very lucid description of their unsuccessful efforts so far was recently published in the *Pioneer*, and it will be seen from their accounts that poison, traps, spring-guns, and sitting up over "kills" have all so far failed to bring the fiend to book, although his escapes have been narrow and frequent. In one case the man-eater actually consumed large quantities of perchloride of mercury put in the corpse of a cow he had killed; but, unfortunately, this poison does not appear to be as satisfactory as arsenic or strychnine, and the large doses he devoured did not cause his demise.



PHOTOGRAPHED AT DINNER: *FELIS PARDUS* WITH ITS PREY.

FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY F. W. CHAMPION. (WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



MR. CHAMPION writes: "The ordinary forest leopard is not generally dangerous to human life unless wounded or interfered with; but when it is a case of a leopardess with cubs, leopards are generally admitted by sportsmen in India to be more dangerous than tigers. . . . The forest leopard is, however, appallingly destructive to deer, and the number of deer which must be destroyed annually by leopards is beyond computation. As an example of this, the figures for the Reserved Forests of which the writer holds charge are instructive. These forests cover some 300 square miles of Himalayan foot-hills, and, at the lowest estimate, there cannot be fewer than fifty leopards permanently in residence. These leopards

[Continued opposite.]



Continued.] feed very largely on the beautiful Indian Spotted Deer (*Cervus axis*), and each leopard, at a very modest estimate, kills at least one deer every fortnight. Hence every year, in one small forest alone, leopards must destroy over a thousand deer, many of which are the pregnant does that fall so easy a prey. . . ." Mr. Champion adds: "The larger picture is of a leopard seizing a chital he had killed; and the finding of this 'kill,' and the subsequent obtaining of the picture, was a direct result of the agitated cries of the Indian Langoor monkey (*Semnopithecus entellus*), which drew the writer to the spot. These monkeys, in common with most of the other inhabitants of the jungle, have very good reason for fearing and detesting leopards. . . ."



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

MY last article was concerned with the topography and literary associations of the home country. This week I find myself borne on the magic carpet of literature to far corners of the world, and, apart from the fascination of visualising life in other lands, several of the works to be noticed touch on interesting questions of personal character, colonial history and policy, and the ethics of travel.

First on my list is a biography of an eminent statesman and diplomatist, "SIR MORTIMER DURAND," by Brigadier-General Sir Percy Sykes; with eight plates and three maps (Cassell; 25s. net). This is the story of a brilliant career that faded in a cloud of disappointment, and the book is an apologia as well as a record. Sir Mortimer Durand spent twenty years (1873-93) in India; he was Political Secretary to Sir Frederick (afterwards Lord) Roberts in the Second Afghan War (1879-80), and from 1885 was Foreign Secretary to the Indian Government. His settlement of difficulties with Russia in Central Asia "paved the way to the Anglo-Russian Agreement of 1907," and "led to Russian co-operation during the Great War." Equally valuable was his work in Afghanistan. "Generations yet unborn," writes Sir Percy Sykes, "will benefit by the 'Durand Line' that he negotiated with grim Amir Abdur Rahman. Owing to these two achievements, Durand stands out in his generation as the great Boundary-Maker, and consequently as the great Peace-Maker." Later, he served as Minister at Teheran, and as Ambassador at Madrid and at Washington.

In 1906 Sir Mortimer Durand received a "staggering blow" (to quote his biographer) in the form of a letter from Sir Edward (now Viscount) Grey, recalling him from Washington and holding out no hope of another diplomatic appointment. The reason given was that Durand, "owing to his temperament, was unable to keep in personal touch with the President and Mr. Root, and that the British Embassy was consequently placed at a considerable disadvantage." Sir Percy Sykes explains the affair as an attempt by President Roosevelt to get Durand superseded by an old friend of his own, Spring-Rice, who had been Roosevelt's best man at his second marriage, in London. "I can state emphatically," writes Sir Percy, "that the late Sir Cecil Spring-Rice . . . took no part in the intrigue. My chief object in writing this biography has been to vindicate a dead friend who was deeply wronged."

It is not for me, of course, to pronounce on the merits of this controversy, but I see a clear case of incompatibility between an ebullient President and a taciturn Ambassador. "Throughout his life," says the biographer, "Durand was afflicted with intense shyness, and probably it was to mask this defect, of which he was fully aware, that he assumed a somewhat rigid official manner." Like many shy men, he was a favourite with children, and his underlying sympathies found expression in poems, novels, and other literary work. As a statesman, his biographer numbers him (in the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes) among—

"Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy; . . .  
Men who have honour, men who will not lie."

Sir Mortimer Durand's experiences on the North-West Frontier and the borders of Tibet offer many points of contact with two delightful books of soldierly travel, themselves having much in common. Both describe private and unofficial adventures of an officer on leave, and both traverse partly the same ground. The longer of the two expeditions is described in "AN UNEXPLORED PASS," a Narrative of a Thousand-Mile Journey to the Kara-Koram Himalayas, by Captain B. K. Featherstone, F.R.G.S.; with Introduction by Brigadier-General the Hon. C. G. Bruce, map, and twenty-five illustrations from the author's photographs (Hutchinson; 18s. net). Captain Featherstone started from Srinagar with the object of crossing the New or Western Muztagh Pass, never hitherto explored by a European, nor by anybody since 1861. He obtained a Pisgah view of his "promised land," but was unable to enter it owing to difficulties with his native porters, and he returned through Ladakh or Western Tibet.

Incidentally, Captain Featherstone gives an interesting historical sketch of Tibetan Lamaism, as differentiated from Buddhism, and of social customs in Ladakh, where polyandry prevails, and the freedom of women contrasts with their restricted status among the neighbouring Mohamedans of Baltistan. While his word-pictures of the mountains, and of towns such as Leh, the capital of

Ladakh, are striking enough, they are strictly objective. He says little of his inner feelings, save in one passage, where he dwells on the romance of the open road, with allusions to Kipling's "road to Mandalay" and Flecker's "golden road to Samarkand." Only here does he approach the more intimate and personal tone of the other book mentioned above as a companion volume—"THE ROAD TO LAMALAND," Impressions of a Journey to Western Tibet; by "Ganpat" (M. L. A. Gompertz); illustrated (Hodder and Stoughton; 20s. net).

Mr. Gompertz, who refers more than once to "the little books of poetry that always take the road with me," likewise quotes Flecker (on his title-page), and also this happy verse from Gerald Gould—

"I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue hills are,  
But a man can have the sud for friend, and for his guide a star;  
And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,  
For the river calls, and the road calls, and Oh, the call of a bird."

"Ganpat" begins his story "sitting in my office in Murree" and pities himself as "a person who spends most

Britain protects those distant millions—namely, "THE INDIA OFFICE," by Sir Malcolm C. C. Seton (Putnam; 7s. 6d. net), a new volume in the Whitehall series. The author, who is Deputy Under-Secretary in the India Office, traces its growth from the old East India House and, naturally there are allusions to Charles Lamb. Sir Malcolm maligns himself in appropriating "the injunction laid upon a 'Writer' in Leadenhall Street by a Director of the East India Company: 'The style as we likes is the humdrum.'"

He infuses into his work as much humour as a book of this type allows. Incidentally, I notice a reference to Sir Mortimer Durand's "Life of Sir Alfred Lyall."

Travel on the grand scale made possible by modern transport facilities is represented by two little books which may be suitably paired, partly for their Imperial interest, partly in respect of the long distances covered, and partly as being both the work of distinguished journalists. One is "THROUGH SOUTH AFRICA WITH THE PRINCE," by G. Ward Price, illustrated (Gill Publishing Co.; 3s. 6d. net). The other is "THE MURRAY VALLEY," a Three Thousand Mile Run, by C. Brunson Fletcher (Sydney: Angus and Robertson; London: Australian Book Co., 15, Farringdon Avenue; 3s. 6d. net.)

To Mr. Ward Price's admirable story of the South African tour, at once compact and picturesque, the Prince of Wales himself contributes a short preface in which he says: "It is my particular hope that this book, by interesting boys and girls at home, may encourage them to learn more of the distant parts of the Empire." A similar hope may be expressed regarding "The Murray Valley," though it appeals rather to elder readers, statesmen, settlers, farmers, and engineers. Mr. Brunson Fletcher, who is editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, describes racy a motor journey along the course of the great Murray River, with special reference to important problems of irrigation, agriculture, and land settlement in that part of Australia.

Here, with a whisk of the magic carpet, I find myself whirled back from the Antipodes to our own home continent of Europe. Diverting and unconventional impressions, literary and pictorial, of life in northern latitudes form the subject-matter of "Two VAGABONDS IN SWEDEN AND LAPLAND," by Jan Gordon and Cora J. Gordon, with four plates by Jan Gordon and illustrations by the Authors (Lane; 12s. 6d. net). In order to understand the Bohemian spirit of this free-and-easy couple, one must first grasp their theory of wayfaring, summed up thus: "Essentially there are two sorts of pleasure travellers . . . the traveller in Temples and the traveller in Taverns. The traveller in Temples is a traveller in works of art, the traveller in Taverns is a traveller in works of conscience; the traveller in Temples is interested in everything that man has made outside of himself, the traveller in Taverns studies what man has made of himself." Needless to say, the authors are "Taverners," and in their peregrinations they avoid what they describe as "Templer things to do." The result is a book of strong originality, throwing light on out-of-the-way things, such as that frank and practical method of proposing marriage, customary among certain Swedish peasants, known as *sova dolce*.

"We are designedly," the Gordons write, "adventurers in small beer. . . . To the unobservant it may be necessary to meet a tiger or to fall down a well to experience this adventurous quality of life, but to the person thoroughly awake any little incident, everything unexpected, is adventure." I do not know whether they would class as a "Templer" the author of "A WAYFARER ON THE LOIRE," by E. I. Robson, with illustrations and a map by J. R. E. Howard (Methuen; 4s. 6d. net). Personally, I should say that this very pleasant and gossipy and charmingly pictured little guide-book is the work of a "Taverner" who is only a "Templer" as a matter of duty.

Mr. Robson does his "Templing" in the "Taverner" spirit. "You can get that vivifying power," he writes, "not only by contact with the human mind, but by contact and association with things. . . . Guides' history is but dead stuff. But stand aside from the crowd, pining to be aboard its char-a-banc again, and you will see visions." And he has his own idea of adventure. "It is very difficult indeed," he says, "to be adventurous in France. I use the word 'adventurous' in the sense of missing an occasional meal. . . . Somehow, in France, however adventurous you may set out to be, you ultimately end in lunch." Well I know those wayside lunches—those miraculous omelettes. I remember one afternoon tramping wearily into Plouet—but that is another story.—C. E. B.



A "ONE-SITTING" PORTRAIT PAINTED IN FOUR HOURS: CAPTAIN HERBERT HARTLEY, OF THE "LEVIATHAN"—BY JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER.

One of the best known of all the commanders of the big liners, Captain Hartley has crossed the Atlantic over eight hundred times.

of the year pushing a pen in an office chair" and "wearing out the seat of my nether garments instead of the soles of my shoes." I can sympathise with him in these matters, but I envy his ampler opportunities for escape. In this book he recounts a 750-mile tramp from Kashmir to Leh and back, an itinerary that corresponds roughly with the latter part of Captain Featherstone's journey. Mr. Gompertz writes in a more colloquial vein, both about himself, his three little dogs, and the people he meets; and he admits the reader freely to his ideas on religion, patriotism, and the philosophy of life.

A chance encounter with a party of American travellers, whose elaborate equipment contrasted with the rough simplicity of his own, leads him to discuss the ethics of "globe-trotting." His Mongolian servant's habit of addressing him as "protector of the poor" prompts him to observe: "That ancient Eastern title of the ruling class is rather an epitome of the British mission in the Indian Empire. That is just what we are in India for—to protect the incoherent and shiftless mass of 299 odd million 'poor' against the oppression of the over-voluble few hundred thousand who can read and write, and, above all, talk and make money."

Here I wish to recommend an excellent account of the history and working of the administrative system by which



# LONDON AS IT WAS: THE CITY AND WESTMINSTER IN ART.

REPRODUCTIONS FROM PICTURES IN THE EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS AND PRINTS ILLUSTRATING OLD LONDON, AT THE BEAUX ARTS GALLERY, BRUTON PLACE, W.



DESTROYED IN THE GREAT FIRE: THE ROYAL EXCHANGE IN GRESHAM'S DAY—THE QUADRANGLE, LOOKING TOWARDS CORNHILL. (BY HOLLAR.)



BUILT BY JOHN NASH, THE ARCHITECT OF REGENT STREET, FOR HIS OWN RESIDENCE: "NASH'S HOUSE." (BY HANDSLIP FLETCHER.)



BY WENCESLAUS HOLLAR, ROYAL DESIGNER TO KING CHARLES II., WHOSE DRAWING MASTER HE WAS: A GENERAL VIEW OF WESTMINSTER—"PARLAMENT HOUSE"; "THE HALL"; "THE ABBY."



IN 1751: THE GUILDHALL AFTER IT HAD BEEN "REPAIRED AND ADORNED," AND AS IT WAS 38 YEARS BEFORE THE ERECTION OF THE PRESENT BUILDING.



AS IT WAS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: WESTMINSTER HALL, THE OLD PALACE OF OUR KINGS, NOW A PART OF THE PRESENT HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

In view of the ever-changing nature of the Metropolis, particular interest attaches to the exhibition of drawings and prints illustrating Old London which is now in being at the Beaux Arts Gallery. With reference to the particular pictures we have chosen for our page, the following notes may be given. Wenceslaus Hollar was born at Prague in July 1607, and died in March 1677. He was brought to England by the Earl of Arundel, and, in about 1639, became teacher of drawing to the Prince of Wales. On the Prince's accession, as King Charles II., he was made Royal Designer.—The Royal Exchange was founded by Sir Thomas Gresham, and opened by Queen Elizabeth on January 23, 1570-1571. It was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666.—The building long known as Nash's House, in Regent

Street—it was No. 14—was built by the architect for his own use, and he lived in it until he retired from his profession.—Only the walls and crypt of the original Guildhall remain. What "Wheatley" calls "the present mongrel substitute" was erected in 1789, from the designs of George Dance the younger, the City architect. Various alterations and additions have been made since.—Westminster Hall was incorporated into the new Houses of Parliament to serve as their vestibule, and was somewhat altered during the process of adaptation. The south wall, for example, was pulled down, that Barry might form the archway and steps into his St. Stephen's chamber. The present House of Parliament, or the New Palace at Westminster, was begun in April 1840.



## NEVER-EMPTY LONDON: THE EMPIRE'S CAPITAL AS A CENTRE OF ENTERTAINMENT.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER.



## A NEW ATTRACTION FOR THE LONDONER AND THE VISITOR TO

There is an old saying that London is empty in August. Nothing, of course, could be further from the case. It is true that a certain number of people are out of town; but there is a goodly percentage of true Londoners who remain, and the temporary wanderers are more than replaced by visitors from the world over. London is never empty. The summer, indeed, is now a harvest-time for theatres, hotels, and restaurants; for the strangers within our gates are the keenest of sightseers, playgoers, dancers, and diners-out. Incidentally, they are knowledgeable. No longer do they move aimlessly and eat where they happen to be

## LONDON: THE OAK-PANELLED BANQUETING ROOM AT KETTNER'S.

at the moment. There is discrimination in all things; and it is interesting to note in this connection how attractive Kettner's has proved under the direction of Mr. Arthur Giordano, especially since the inauguration of its new banquetting hall for a hundred and fifty guests, which, with its oak-panelled walls, its remarkable lighting scheme, its excellent dance floor, its perfect food and service, has become not only one of the places that must be "done," but one to which there is always a return.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## HUMOURS OF THE "ZOO": STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.—No. XXI.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



*Feeding-time grows near, but he seems to view the curious crowd with critical indifference*



*and turns his head and*



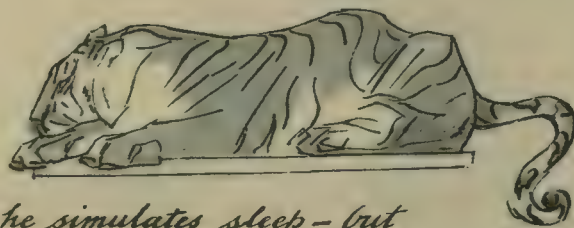
*then his back upon them, apparently unconcerned;*



*but his craving for his meat is betrayed by his squirming tail!*



*The meat is late*



*— he simulates sleep — but*



*his tail twitches & wriggles*



*"How much longer do they think I'm going to wait?"*



*Having been given his meat, he savages it like any other tiger; but the fury has left his tail and it hangs down limply.*

J. A. S.

## SIGNALLING THE APPROACH OF FEEDING-TIME: THE TELL-TALE TAIL OF THE TIGER.

"The lions and tigers—not forgetting the leopards—are fed at 4 p.m.," writes Mr. Shepherd. "The animals get restive as the crowd assembles to see them fed, and their excitement increases minute by minute as the hour of hours approaches, until they are worked up to perfect fury, much to the appreciation of the sightseers. But the subject of our sketches would not betray his feelings before the vulgar gaze. Perched upon his

ledge, he viewed the seething mass of humans with cynical indifference—ah! but his tail betrayed him! As the multitude grew greater, he turned his back upon them and maintained his semblance of unconcern, but his tail wriggled and squirmed. No matter how he cowed, his craving for his meal oozed out of his tail. When his turn came to be fed, he savaged his meal like any other tiger. The fury left his tail and it hung quiescent."



# AT HOME AND ABROAD: RECENT NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

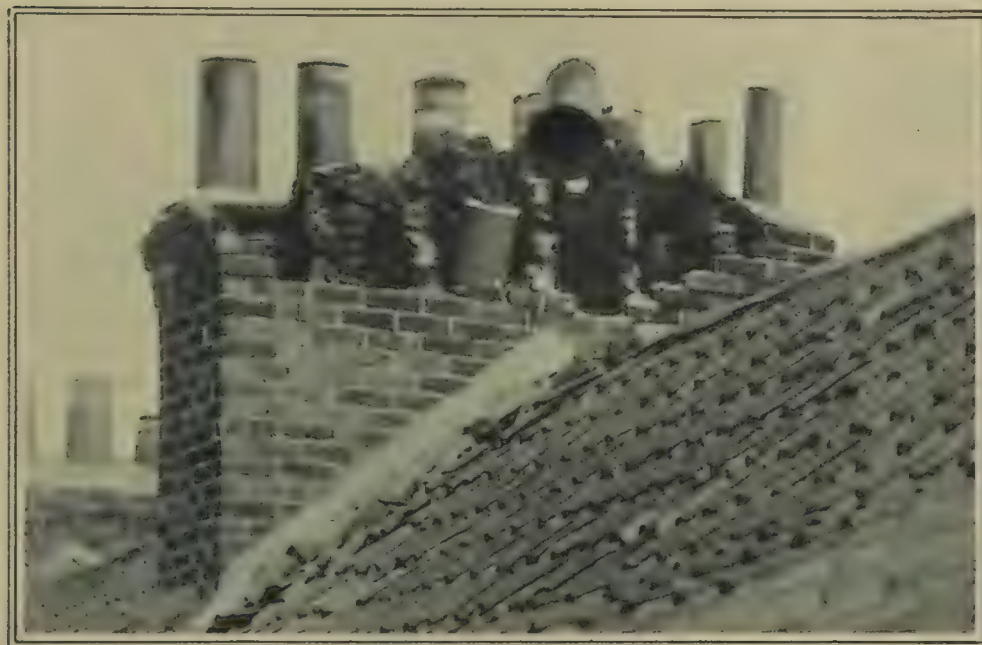
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS AND C.N.



HOLIDAY TRAVEL BY AIR: MR. R. MOND'S FAMILY EMBARKING AT SOUTHAMPTON FOR A FLIGHT TO DINARD IN THE SEAPLANE SHOWN IN THE BACKGROUND.



ANOTHER FRENCH RAILWAY DISASTER: WRECKED COACHES OF THE MAIL TRAIN RECENTLY DERAILED NEAR NOISY-LE-SEC, WITH A LOSS OF FOUR LIVES.



DISLODGED BY THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE IN JERSEY: BROKEN CHIMNEY-POTS ON A HOUSE ROOF, FROM WHICH SOME OF THEM CRASHED TO THE GROUND.



SHOWING BROKEN CHIMNEY-POTS ON THE ROOF, AND FRAGMENTS ON ROAD AND PAVEMENT: A JERSEY HOUSE SHAKEN BY EARTHQUAKE.



THE TURKISH CONSPIRACY AGAINST KEMAL PASHA: ONE OF THE FIFTEEN EXECUTED, ZIA HURSHID BEY, HANDCUFFED ON HIS WAY TO TRIAL.

The use of air transport for holiday travel was strikingly illustrated the other day at Southampton, where a family party of ten embarked in a seaplane for Dinard. The party consisted of Mr. R. Mond (brother of Sir Alfred Mond), his daughters, sons-in-law, and grandchildren, with their nurses. The machine used for the flight was a supermarine Napier of the Imperial Airways.—The mail train from Bâle to Paris, due at 6 a.m. on July 30, was derailed that morning at Noisy-le-Sec, on the outskirts of Paris, while travelling at over fifty miles an hour. The leading coaches, the first three of which were mail vans, were wrecked, and four people were killed. The dead and injured, numbering about fifteen, were all



A CINEMA AS A COURT OF LAW: THE TURKISH CONSPIRACY TRIAL AT SMYRNA—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE TRIBUNAL, WITH THE TURKISH FLAG IN THE BACKGROUND.

employees of the French postal service.—Considerable alarm was caused in Jersey, and in parts of the Normandy and Brittany coast, by an earthquake shock on the afternoon of July 30. It was also felt slightly at Bournemouth. In Jersey the disturbance lasted for sixteen seconds, during which buildings were shaken, and at one house chimney-pots were dislodged and fell into the street. At St. Helier a large chimney-stack collapsed, but fortunately no one was hurt.—Fifteen men were executed, at Smyrna, for having plotted to kill Mustapha Kemal Pasha, President of Turkey. Zia Hurshid and three others were hanged outside an hotel, on the spot chosen by them for the assassination.



# FAR GRAVER THAN THE CHANNEL "TREMOR": A SUMATRA EARTHQUAKE.



AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE IN SUMATRA AT THE END OF JUNE: WRECKED BUILDINGS AT THE RAILWAY STATION, PADANG-PANDJANG.



HOW THE EARTH SPLIT IN SUMATRA: A LARGE CRACK IN THE SURFACE OF THE GROUND THAT CAUSED THE FALL OF BUILDINGS.



WHERE THE WORST DAMAGE OCCURRED IN SUMATRA: THE LITTLE HILL TOWN OF PADANG-PANDJANG AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE—A SIGN-POST STILL STANDING.



COMPLETELY WRECKED BY THE EARTHQUAKE: RUINS OF CHINESE HOUSES IN SUMATRA, AND ANOTHER BUILDING INTACT.



CHINESE SHOPS AT PADANG-PANDJANG AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE IN SUMATRA: BUILDINGS COMPLETELY OR PARTIALLY DEMOLISHED.

The recent earth tremors in Jersey and on the French coast near Cherbourg and St. Malo, also felt slightly on the same day (July 30) at Bournemouth, have caused us in this part of the world to take a closer interest in the subject of earthquakes. What a far more serious disaster of that kind may mean is shown by these photographs, taken after the earthquake on June 28 in the Island of Sumatra in the Dutch East Indies. Writing from Padang on July 6, our correspondent who sends the photographs says: "Several native villages were totally



OVERTURNED BY THE EARTHQUAKE IN SUMATRA: RUINS OF A EUROPEAN BUNGALOW IN THE HILL COUNTRY AT PADANG-PANDJANG.

destroyed. There have been 400 deaths and 60 cases of grave injury, while the loss of property amounted to ten million guilders. Happily the earthquake did not occur in the night, but at one o'clock in the afternoon. We still feel shocks every day and night. Padang, the capital of the West Coast, has been damaged, but the worst effects were at Padang-pandjang. This is a little mountain town, beautiful and cool, about 2275 feet above sea-level, and reached by train from Padang in three hours. At present there is not much left of the town."



## DESTROYERS OF ANIMAL LIFE AND TIMBER: FOREST FIRES IN CANADA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MONTGOMERY, SUPPLIED BY THE "TIMES."



MAGNIFICENT  
BUT TERRIBLE:  
A FOREST FIRE  
RAGING NEAR  
GISCOME, BRITISH  
COLUMBIA.

THREATENED BY  
ONE OF THE  
GREAT FIRES:  
A SAWMILL  
ENDANGERED  
AT HUTTON.



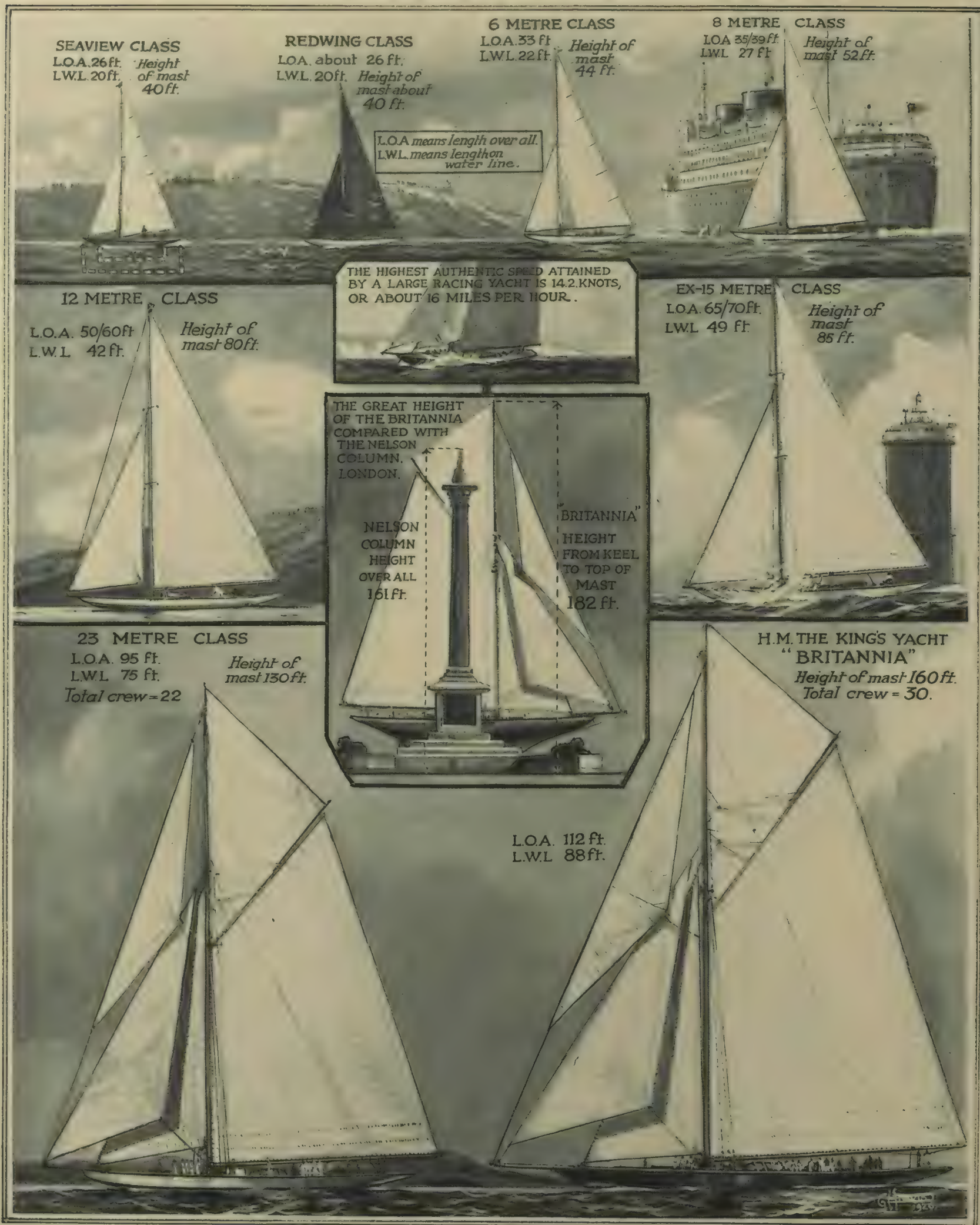
As we had occasion to note in our issue of July 24 last, when we printed photographs illustrating Kootenay National Park and animals typical of those destroyed, serious fires have been raging in large areas in the mountain districts of Southern Alberta and British Columbia, and much damage has been done to timber and to animal life in the national parks in the Rocky Mountains in the vicinity of Banff

and in the Kootenay and Vermillion Districts. Needless to say, forest rangers and other officials have been busy and every effort has been made to get the flames under control. Hundreds of fire-fighters were assisted by rain; but a telegram of July 20 stated that a fresh outbreak had occurred on the day before, and that three large fires were then in being.



## OF SPECIAL INTEREST IN COWES WEEK: RACING YACHTS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



FROM HIS MAJESTY'S "BRITANNIA," WHICH IS HIGHER THAN THE NELSON COLUMN, DOWN TO THE SEAVIEW CLASS: TYPES TO BE SEEN IN THE SOLENT—ALL DRAWN TO THE SAME SCALE.

Of the chief classes of yachts to be seen racing in the Solent during Cowes Week, the most popular is the International six-metre, for the little craft belonging to it are comparatively cheap to build and maintain in racing trim, and, moreover, only one paid "hand" is required for a race. The eight metres, somewhat larger vessels, with small cabins under a "flush" deck, do not form nearly such a strong class as they did before the advent of the handier "sixes." The "twelves"—fine seaworthy boats, with sleeping accommodation for four or five—are becoming more and more popular. The ex-fifteen-metres (so called because the building of this class has been abandoned) were constructed to a different rating rule, which produced undesirable ships with poor seagoing

qualities. The "twelves" have proved far better craft. Nearly all racing yachts, except those of the twenty-three-metre class of "America" Cup fame, it will be noticed, have Bermuda, or triangular, mainsails. These necessitate very tall masts, many of which are hollow, "built up" spars held up by an intricate system of stays. The height of "Britannia's" new main mast from the deck is 108 ft., and a 52-foot hollow topmast is fitted over this, making the whole 160 feet look like one solid pole mast. The area of the ordinary "working" rig set on this mast is 9235 square feet of canvas. If it were possible to place "Britannia" in Trafalgar Square (as our centre illustration shows), her mast would overtop the Nelson Column.



## ROYAL COWES: "A FREE PUFF."

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANK H. MASON. (COPYRIGHTED.)



HEELING OVER TO A SUDDEN GUST OF WIND: A CUTTER UNDER FULL RACING SAIL IN THE SOLENT.

The large racing cutter shown in the picture is of the "Shamrock" type. She is under full racing sail—mainsail, topsail, foresail, jib, and flying-jib.





**RUNNING, WITH SPINNAKER SET, BEFORE A WESTERLY WIND: HIS MAJESTY'S YACHT "BRITANNIA" AT COWES, FOLLOWED BY "WHITE HEATHER."**

The King and Queen arranged to arrive at Cowes on Friday, July 30, in the Royal Yacht "Victoria and Albert," and it was announced that his Majesty would have his opening run of the season in the "Britannia" on the following day, at the regatta of the Royal Southampton Yacht Club at Calshot. The

yacht-racing of Cowes Week began on the Monday, when the "Britannia" was due to compete, as she was on the four succeeding days. In the right background of our picture is the "Aquitania." In the left background are the "Victoria and Albert" and the guard-ship. Cowes Castle is seen behind the guard-ship.

AFTER THE PICTURE BY FRANK H. MASON. (COPYRIGHTED.)



*Where good taste prevails—*



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## ROYALTY AT ROYAL COWES: THE CHIEF REGATTA PERSONALITIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL AND G.P.U.



THE KING'S NEPHEW AS A YACHTSMAN: THE CROWN PRINCE OLAF OF NORWAY (LEFT) SAILING HIS NEW 6-METRE YACHT "OSLO" AT COWES



THE QUEEN AT AN ISLE OF WIGHT CHARITY FÊTE ORGANISED AT HER OWN SUGGESTION: HER MAJESTY IN THE GROUNDS OF CARISBROOKE CASTLE.



THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF COWES WEEK: THE KING AS A YACHTSMAN—HIS MAJESTY AMONG MEMBERS OF THE CREW ABOARD HIS FAMOUS RACING CUTTER "BRITANNIA," WHICH HAS BEEN RE-CONDITIONED FOR THIS YEAR'S REGATTA.

The presence of the King and Queen has once more been the great feature of Cowes Week, and his Majesty has again been competing in various events of the Regatta aboard his famous racing cutter, "Britannia," which was recently re-conditioned for the occasion. On Saturday, July 31, the Queen landed at East Cowes, from the royal yacht "Victoria and Albert," and motored to Carisbrooke Castle, where she attended a fête in the picturesque and historic grounds, in aid of the Royal Isle of Wight County Hospital reconstruction scheme and the completion of the Isle of Wight War Memorial. The idea of the fête was suggested

by the Queen herself when she visited Cowes last year. She was received by Princess Beatrice, who opened the fête, and the Marquess of Carisbrooke, Chairman of the Reception Committee. Another royal visitor at Cowes, and competitor in the Regatta, in whom great interest was taken, was the King's nephew, Crown Prince Olaf of Norway. His new six-metre yacht, "Oslo," reached Cowes by steamer shortly before the Regatta began, and he sailed it himself with skill and success. Prince Olaf was elected an honorary member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and was among the guests when the King dined there on August 3.



# EXMOOR DEER TAKE TO THE SEA AND CLIMB CLIFFS:

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED



A STAG TAKES TO THE SEA IN PORLOCK BAY, PURSUED BY HOUNDS: A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON THE SOMERSET COAST, WITH HURLSTONE POINT IN THE BACKGROUND.



A WONDERFUL CLIMBER AND ABLE TO GO WHERE HOUNDS CANNOT FOLLOW: A STAG ON HURLSTONE POINT 200 FEET ABOVE THE SEA—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN UNDER GREAT DIFFICULTIES.

Exmoor is the only region in England which has been a haunt of wild deer since prehistoric times, and stag-hunting in that district is a very ancient sport. According to tradition, staghounds were kept at Simonsbath as long ago as 1590, and since 1746 there are many records of the hunt. "There can be little doubt," writes Mr. E. W. Hendy (Ernest Blake), in "Discovery," "that to-day it is hunting which preserves the wild red deer from extinction. When one has seen something of the damage which they do to farmers' crops, it is not difficult to realize that, if hunting were abolished, their doom would be sealed . . . and it is only the fine sporting spirit of the countryside which makes hunting possible." These remarkable photographs taken by Mr. Alfred Vowles give dramatic views of the sport. His full notes upon them are as follows: "(1) A Cloutnam stag gives a fine moorland run and takes to the sea in Porlock

# REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF SOMERSET STAG-HUNTS.

VOWLES, F.R.G.S., MINEHEAD.



ENTERING THE WEIR POOL (IN THE FOREGROUND) WHERE HE WILL STAND AT BAY: A BIG STAG BROUGHT IN FROM NORTH MOLTON TAKES TO THE RIVER BARLE AT DULVERTON.



WITH HOUNDS SWIMMING BEHIND HIM: A STAG PLUNGING IN ANTHONY'S WEIR ON THE EXE NEAR DULVERTON—FINALLY TAKEN AT THE HEAD OF THE WEIR AFTER MUCH TROUBLE.

Bay on a spring tide. Hurlstone Point, on the coast of West Somerset, is in the background. This view is one of the finest and most unique of its kind ever taken. (2) A big stag brought in from North Molton takes to the River Barle at Dulverton, and is about to enter the Weir Pool, seen in the foreground, where he will stand at bay. (3) A wonderful impression of a stag negotiating the precipices at Hurlstone Point, West Somerset. He is 200 feet above the breakers. A stag is a wonderful climber, and can go where hounds cannot. The photographer climbed up from the sea to take the view, and could not get down again, having to follow the stag's line of escape to the cliff path high above. (4) A Winsford stag plunging in Anthony's Weir near Dulverton, River Exe. Hounds are seen swimming behind him. The people are on the Dunster-Tiverton main road. This deer gave a lot of trouble before he was taken."



# PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U., L.N.A., HAY WRIGHTSON, ELLIOTT AND FRY, FOX PHOTOS, L.E.A., AND TOPICAL.



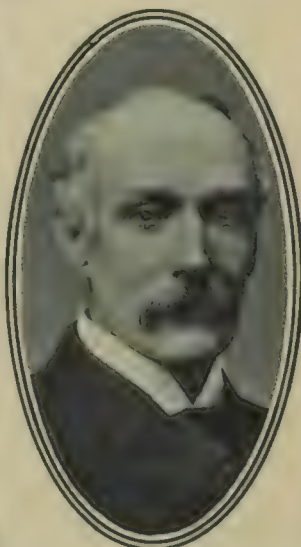
FLOWN BY A CUNARDER THAT BROUGHT WELSH-AMERICANS TO THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD AT SWANSEA, AND NOW OVER THE EISTEDDFOD PAVILION: THE "SCYTHIA'S" WELSH FLAG.



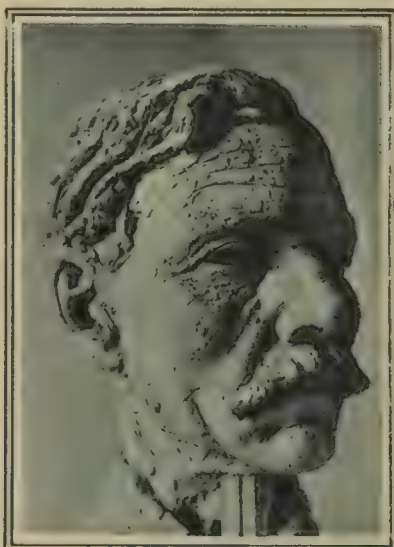
SAILING TO THE UNITED STATES TO APPEAL FOR FUNDS FOR THE MINERS AND THEIR DEPENDENTS: MISS ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P. (LEFT) AND MEMBERS OF THE MINERS' FEDERATION (BACK) IN THE "BERENGARIA."



THE DISTINGUISHED WRITER AND ZIONIST: THE LATE MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL.



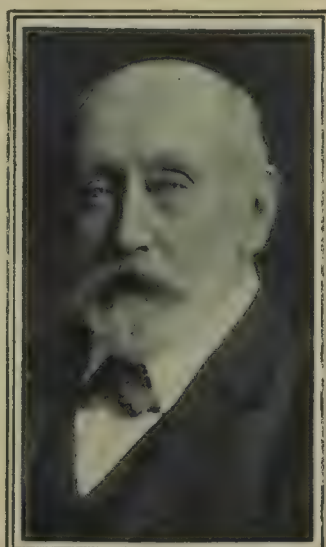
A FAMOUS SOUTH AFRICAN STATESMAN AND ORATOR: THE LATE RIGHT HON. JOHN XAVIER MERRIMAN.



IN AN UNFINISHED STATE: MR. JACOB EPSTEIN'S NEW BUST OF MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD.



MUCH CONCERNED WITH THE NEW RELIGIOUS REGULATIONS IN MEXICO: PRESIDENT CALLES.



FORMERLY CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE ALLAHABAD HIGH COURT: THE LATE SIR JOHN EDGE.



THE CHIEF THANKSGIVING SERVICE FOR THE 1250TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF THE SEE OF HEREFORD: THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AT HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

The Welsh National Eisteddfod is at Swansea this year, and special efforts have been made to increase its musical importance. The test-pieces, indeed, are on an unusually high level. A big Eisteddfod pavilion has been set up in the Victoria Park. The Duke and Duchess of York arrived at Swansea on August 2, in readiness for their visit to the Eisteddfod on the following day. It was arranged that they should be initiated as members of the Gorsedd of Bards of the Isle of Britain, and given the Bardic names Albert of Efrog (Albert of York) and Betsi of Efrog (Elizabeth of York).—Mr. Israel Zangwill was born in London in 1864, of poor Jewish parents, and was educated in Bristol and in Plymouth. Then he became an elementary-school teacher in London, and took the degree of B.A.



COLOURS AND DRUMS PRESENTED TO THE 5TH BATT. NORTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT, AT STOKE-ON-TRENT: THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD CONDUCTING THE CEREMONY.

at London University. He first wrote verse. In 1892 his "Children of the Ghetto" won him fame as a novelist dealing with Jewish life and traditions, and this was followed by "Ghetto Tragedies," and other successful books. "Merely Mary Ann" was his most popular play, but he did not take high rank as a dramatist. He devoted much of his energy to the cause of Zionism, but was frankly disappointed with the Palestine experiment.—The chief Thanksgiving Service in connection with the celebration of the 1250th anniversary of the foundation of the See of Hereford was held in Hereford Cathedral on July 29. The very large congregation included representatives of public bodies from the counties of Hereford, Salop, and Radnor.



## FOR ALL CHILDREN: "THE HOUSE OF GOD, YOUR DEAREST FRIEND."

PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY JAMES BACON AND SONS.



WITH BOOKS AND PICTURES: THE CHILDREN'S CORNER IN THE SOUTH TRANSEPT OF NEWCASTLE CATHEDRAL—  
AN INNOVATION.

The Children's Corner here illustrated was recently installed in the south transept of the cathedral at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, formerly the Church of St. Nicholas, and it is open at all times, save during Divine service. A notice set upon the table reads: "Notice to All Children. This beautiful old Church is the HOUSE OF GOD, your dearest friend. HE welcomes you here, and wishes you may learn

to love and to obey HIM. These books and pictures are here for you to enjoy. You may take the books and sit down and read them. When you have finished, put them back very carefully and neatly. Be quiet and reverent, and before you leave the Church kneel down to pray." The necessary funds were provided by subscribers.



# THE LOS ANGELES NAVY! THE FILM "OLD IRONSIDES" IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PARAMOUNT PICTURES.



THE FIRST CINEMATOGRAPH PICTURE DIRECTED ENTIRELY BY WIRELESS TELEPHONY: ORDERING THE SHIPS INTO BATTLE FORMATION FOR

The "Constitution," better known as "Old Ironsides," an American frigate of 1576 tons and 44 guns rating, with an actual armament of 32 long 24-pounders and 20 32-pounder carronades, was built at Boston in 1797. When war was declared against Great Britain on June 18, 1812, she was at Annapolis. On July 17 she encountered a squadron made up of the "Shannon" (38 guns), the "Africa" (64 guns), the "Æolus"



THE FILM "OLD IRONSIDES"; AND THAT FAMOUS SHIP FIRING A BROADSIDE AND SINKING A TRIPOLITAN CORSAIR, IN 1804.

(32 guns), the "Belvidera" (36 guns), and the "Guerrière" (38 guns). She was chased in an almost dead calm for three days, and her escape is regarded as one of the outstanding feats of seamanship of the war. In 1830 the Secretary of the Navy proposed to sell her. There was much outcry, and Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote his famous "Old Ironsides." Later, she was used as a school-ship at Philadelphia.



## ALL FOR ABDULLAS



### DRUGGED

"Sir Montague Chuffin," laughed Vashti the Crook,  
"Is a frisky old geyser I'm certain to hook.  
I shall flatter him sweetly, and teach him to dance  
And imply he's a 'lad' with a conquering glance,  
Till he begs me with ardour to dine at his flat  
For a snug tête-à-tête and a nice little chat."

"Just a chloroformed handkerchief pressed to his nose  
And he'll gurgle and snort into pig-like repose!—  
International Crooks prize more exquisite things  
Than a banal assortment of fishknives and rings—  
My adorer will yank out the last of his hair  
When—bereft of *ABDULLAS*—he wakes to despair!"

—F. R. HOLMES.

# ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

TURKISH

EGYPTIAN

VIRGINIA

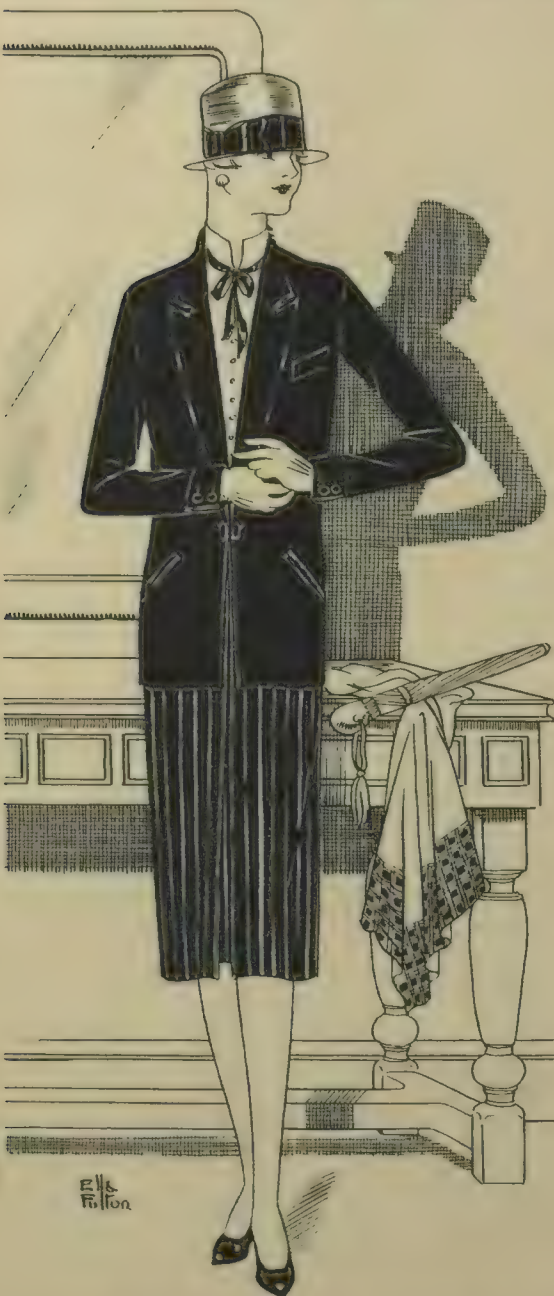




*A fashionable stone marten tie which may be obtained very inexpensively at the City Fur Store during the coming month of August.*

the frock, hat, wrap, and even bag were sure to match in perfect harmony. But this year the colours have deepened, and are merged one in the other, making a bewildering riot of colour. Cornflower-blue, lime-green, and deep shades of bois-de-rose are favourite colours, for instance, and simple dresses of organdie and voile are often hemmed with a wide border in a vividly contrasting shade. Matching this is perhaps a shady hat of crinoline and bangkok, while the light chiffon frock bordered with fur may be yet another colour. These are usually lighter, the richer tint of the frock beneath appearing like a darker lining.

**"Transparent" Sports Frocks.** Even tennis frocks are not allowed to be merely white this season, and the latest caprice which will be seen on all the Casino courts is the simple sleeveless frock of transparent crêpe-de-Chine over



*A perfectly tailored suit with a black hopsack coat and striped skirt of "men's trousering." It must be placed to the credit of H. J. Nicoll, 114, Regent Street, W.*

## Fashions & Fancies

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING BRIGHTLY COLOURED AND THE ART OF LOOKING TRANSPARENT WITHOUT EMPHASISING THE SILHOUETTE—THESE ARE SEASIDE LAWS OF IMPORTANCE.

### Bright Colours for Deauville.

An immense garden of sweet-peas in the softest of tints seemed to have inspired the frocks at the fashionable *plages* last year. Delicate mauve, pink, and primrose, with here and there a faint leaf-green—whatever the colour of

a flesh-pink underslip. In the sunshine, the faint pink shines through, tinting the frock mother-o'-pearl, and the effect is delightful. Golden-brown stockings are worn, matching as nearly as possible the shade of the arms in their varying stages of sunburn. And everyone by the sea must possess a multitude of little coats, usually sleeveless, which are quite essential to the toilette. Taffeta, cloth, crêpe-de-Chine, wool—provided they are brightly coloured, the material does not matter; and one famous tennis champion has one of yellow embroidered with black cats in plush on the pockets to bring her luck.

### The Evening Silhouette.

But, of course, it is in the evening frock that the latest silhouette is most easily distinguished. Skirts are as short as ever, waists a little higher, and the décolletage much lower at the back, the V descending sometimes literally to the waist. Fulness, cleverly disguised into a clinging slenderness by stitched-down pleats, released at the last moment, and by heavy embroideries, dominates the line of the skirt. One Paris model in green chiffon has a basket of flowers worked in many coloured paillettes embroidered in each scallop, and it is only when the wearer moves that one realises the extreme width of the skirt. The mode of decoration varies. Jewelled Eastern girdles are swathed round the hips of those blessed with the fashionable "boyish" figure, or the jewels may outline a combined bolero and sash crossing over and tying with a large bow front or back. Long scarves from the shoulder drooping over one arm are delightful innovations; and flowers are worn at the waist, to leave the neck and shoulders free for their load of gleaming jewellery.

### Furs at Summer Prices.

To buy furs now is an economy which no well-dressed woman can afford to neglect. Continuing until the end of August is the great sale at the City Fur Store, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C., whose salons are on the first floor. Everything is offered at bargain prices, including the handsome coat and tie pictured above. The coat is of marmot with a collar of skunk, and has been reduced to 24 guineas, while the stone-marten tie can be secured for 5½ guineas. There are, too, coats of electric seal coney trimmed with square collars of natural skunk available from 12½ guineas, and a limited number of beaver coney coats lined with brocade are offered at 9½ guineas each. Fine animal stoles of silver pointed fox have been drastically "cut" in price from 12 to 5 guineas, and those of cub bear, exceptionally silky skins, are the same price. Moleskin is always fashionable, and there are moleskin wraps, two yards long, obtainable for 7½ guineas, and moleskin coats from 18 guineas. An illustrated catalogue will be sent post free to all who apply mentioning this paper.

### Tailored Coats and Skirts.

There is a time for everything, and especially when it is a question of the simple yet distinctive suit pictured on the left, which is suitable for town, country, or travelling. The coat is of black hopsack, and the skirt of that striped material usually known as "men's trousering." It must be placed to the credit of H. J. Nicoll, 114, Regent Street, W., who are well-known experts in the art of tailoring. They will make coats and skirts to order from £7 7s., and perfectly fitting suits, ready made, in flannels, repps, and suitings, can be secured for £5 5s. A new model which has already won well-deserved success is the "One-Two-Three" coat in tweeds and showerproofs, so christened because the one coat is suitable for two purposes, sport and rain, and costs 3 guineas. It is available in two styles, and is an excellent investment. There is also the Quicksilver rain coat available for £3 13s. 6d., which is a reliable protection against the weather.

### Outfits for the Moors.

Every shooting enthusiast will soon be northward bound, and outfits for the moors are matters which claim immediate attention. No greater authorities on the subject are to be found than Burberrys, in the Haymarket, S.W., who are making plain, perfectly tailored suits in gamefeather tweeds, their soft tints merging into the landscape so that no bright colour shall scare away the birds. These materials

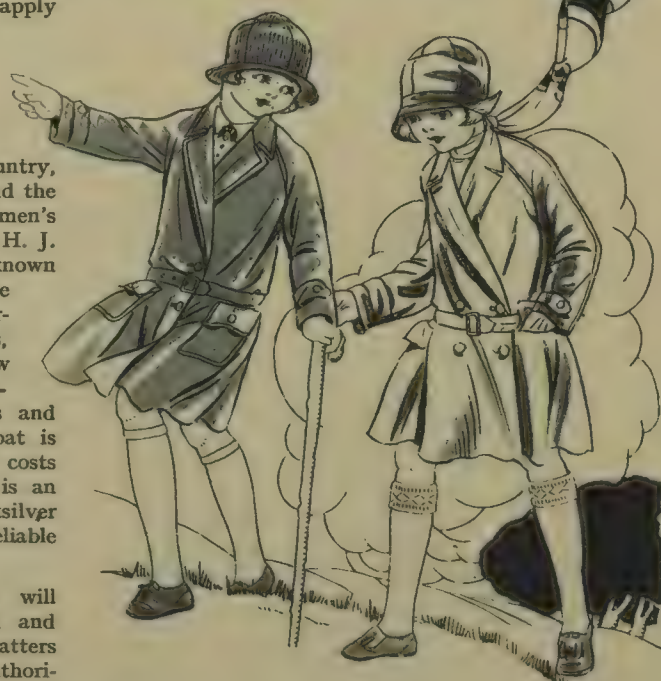


*A lovely coat of marmot collared with skunk, one of the many notable bargains in the present sale at the City Fur Store, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.*

are all proofed, and are essentially neat and practical. Carrying on the same idea are weatherproof coats with beret hats to match in quiet colourings. One small effective touch of colour is supplied by a miniature bird in natural plumage, perfectly made. Partridges, pheasants, peacocks, etc., any species can be found in these salons, and they are particularly inexpensive. Children naturally need reliable weatherproof coats in Scotland, and pictured below are two practical little Burberrys in bright colours, one built of Solgardine and the other of Retniw.

### Holiday Frocks at Special Prices.

Charming holiday frocks at 20s. each are to be found at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., carried out in French printed crêpe, patterned cotton marocain, etc., in the gayest of colourings. Several sizes are available, and there are also jumper suits in ivory artificial silk stockette in lovely colours available for 39s. 6d. Sleeveless tennis cardigans are 32s. 6d.



*Well protected from wind and rain on the moors by their brightly coloured Burberrys, built of Solgardine and Retniw cloth, are these sturdy little people. They were sketched at Burberrys, in the Haymarket, S.W.*



# Summer Milk and Bird's Custard.



On the Stour near Canterbury.

From the original oil painting by T. Sidney Cooper, R.A.

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## THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE QUEEN is not a yachtswoman: sailing in a fresh breeze has no charms for her Majesty, as it has for the King and Princess Mary. Therefore, her enjoyment of Cowes Week lies in the breezes on the



THE QUEEN'S NEWEST LADY-IN-WAITING: LADY CYNTHIA COLVILLE.

Photograph by Yevonde.

the last-appointed Lady-in-Waiting, has long been closely associated with Cowes, and is a great favourite there, as, indeed, everywhere. Her husband, the Hon. George Colville, M.B.E., is a member of the R.Y.S., and brother of Viscount Colville and of Admiral the Hon. Sir Stanley Colville. Lady Cynthia is the youngest daughter of the Marquess of Crewe by his first wife; her twin sister is Lady Celia Coates. She has three fine young sons, who are her real friends and comrades.

Of the girls at Cowes who take an active part in Regatta week, Miss Ivy Seely is one of the best

known and most liked. She is a real yachtswoman: she has had a narrow shave for her life on more than one occasion, and has done rescue-work from drowning. She is the younger daughter of the late Sir Charles Seely. Her sister is Viscountess Allendale, and she is twin with her brother, who succeeded to the Baronetcy. Because of the death of her father, which occurred this year, she is not much about this season. Her elder brother was killed in action in the Great War. Lady Seely is an Islander born, being a daughter of Mr. R. T. A. Grant, of Staffa, West Cowes.

Miss Angela Drummond is another of the girls much connected with the gay doings of Regatta week, and a sought-after guest at the many dances. She was restored from drowning by artificial respiration two seasons ago, when rescued from an upset small yacht. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Drummond, of the family of which the Earl of Perth is head. Her father is a member of the R.Y.S., and she has one brother, junior to herself. Mrs. Charles Drummond is a sister of Colonel Gerald Edmund Boyle, who is heir-presumptive to the Earldom of Cork. Miss Angela Drummond is above medium height, slender, blue-eyed, with fair, Titian-tinted hair. She is a good tennis player, sailor, and dancer, and so enjoys life on the Island, especially when Regatta weeks attract to Cowes so many gay people.

The Earl of Normanton is an habitué at Cowes, and usually has a yacht there, as he has this week.



DAUGHTER OF A MEMBER OF THE R.Y.S.: MISS ANGELA DRUMMOND.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.

Two of his daughters have married since last Cowes Week—Lady Karen Pretymann and Lady Amy Bid-dulph. His youngest girl, Lady Rosemary Agar, is eighteen, and Lady Caroline is not yet married. They very keenly enjoy Cowes Week, and are frequently afloat. Their brother, Viscount Somerton, a god-son of King Edward, is a lover of sailing. He is the youngest member of the family, being in his seventeenth year. Lady Norman-ton does not care for yachting, so Lord Norman-ton chaperones his daughters at Cowes.

No one is better known at Cowes than Mr. Thomas H. Sabine Pasley, M.V.O., Secretary to the R.Y.S., and his family. He has one un-married daughter, Miss Margaret Rachel Sabine Pasley, who knows everyone and goes everywhere during the short, gay yachting week. Her sister married Captain Percy McClenaghan, M.C., 3/8th Punjabis. Her only brother is keen on sailing; Miss Pasley is a pretty and animated girl, a favourite with all who know her. Her father is probably the busiest man in the place during the Regatta. He visits the King directly the royal



DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY TO THE R.Y.S.: MISS MARGARET PASLEY.

Photograph by Sport and General.

(Continued overleaf.)



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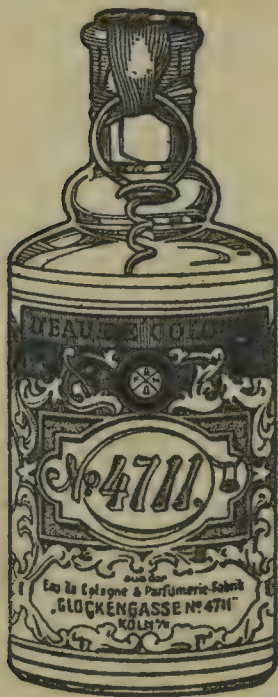
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*Continued.*

yacht reaches her moorings, with the Duke of Leeds, Commodore of the R.Y.S., and Sir Richard Bulkeley, Vice-Commodore, to pay their respects to their royal Admiral. There is the banquet which his Majesty attended on Tuesday, the arrangements for entertaining at tea every afternoon, the constant application for badges for the Club gardens, a dinner on one night, as the King's guest, on the *Victoria and Albert*, and endless other things which Mr. Pasley attends to quietly, without fuss, efficiently and capably as becomes a Naval officer, which he was. The present head of the family, Sir Thomas Sabine Pasley, third Baronet, has no sons. The heir presumptive is

Captain Malcolm Sabine Pasley, R.N. Miss Pasley helps her father in every way she can. As the R.Y.S. is so very masculine, this does not interfere with her thorough enjoyment of the week!

The coming of the *Cygnel* is always looked forward to at Cowes, because this very serviceable but not lovely grey motor-launch brings over from Beaulieu a delightful party and its always

popular host and hostess, Lord and Lady Montagu. The *Cygnel's* cargo adds much to the gaiety of the place. Lady Montagu, always delightfully pretty, with her lovely blue eyes and fair hair and charming smile, sometimes shops in the town before having tea in the gardens. She

is the daughter of the late Major E. Barrington Crake and Mrs. Barrington Crake. Lady Montagu has two small daughters, one nearing her fifth year and one in her second. She is a great favourite as a hostess, and generally.

A wedding, which will probably not take place just yet, as the couple are so young, has been arranged between Mr. Charles J. L. Lyle and Miss Joyce Jarvis. The bridegroom-elect is in his very early twenties. He is the only son of Sir Leonard and Lady Lyle, of Hawkwell Place, Pembury, Kent. His father is a well-known amateur tennis player, who has been less active of late years because of an injury to his knee. He is chairman of Tate and Lyle, the well-known sugar-refiners, and his father and he have given large sums to Queen Mary's East End Hospital. Quite recently Sir Leonard received her Majesty when she visited the hospital and conducted her through a wing of it. Miss Jarvis is the elder of the two daughters of Sir John and Lady Jarvis, of Hascombe Court, Surrey. Sir John, who is director of the *Financial News* and the Argus Printing Company, has two sons and two daughters. The young people who have become engaged have known each other for some time, and are both good tennis players, good at dancing, and are full of the joy of life. Lord Birkenhead, who is

fond of tennis, foregathered with Sir Leonard Lyle over their favourite game and made a trip to the Canary Islands in his company. With them went Lord and Lady Birkenhead's pretty and very entertaining younger daughter, Lady Pamela Smith.

Lord and Lady Birkenhead laughingly declare that they will be known to fame chiefly as Lady Pamela's parents. She is their youngest child, a delightful sprite of about eight who is beautifully made and very pretty. She is, if a small, yet a popular and well-known figure at Cowes, where she is never so happy as afloat. "Come on, Daddy; the launch is waiting" is a very common cry with her when she is impatient to re-embark for the *Mairi*, with the crew of which she is a prime favourite. Her grown-up

sister, Lady Eleanor Smith, is very clever, and will probably make a mark in authorship. Viscount Furneaux, their only brother, is at Eton and in his eighteenth year. They inherit good brains from their brilliant father and from Lady Birkenhead, who is the daughter of the Rev. Henry Furneaux, M.A., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. In town Lord and Lady Birkenhead live in Grosvenor Gardens.—A. E. L.



A POPULAR FIGURE AT COWES: LADY MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU.

*Photograph by Yvonne.*



ENGAGED TO MR. CHARLES J. L. LYLE: MISS JOYCE JARVIS, DAUGHTER OF SIR JOHN AND LADY JARVIS.

*Photograph by Lafayette.*



THE YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF BIRKENHEAD: LADY PAMELA SMITH.

*Photograph by Marcus Adams.*

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*(From a painting by Christopher Clark, R.I.)*

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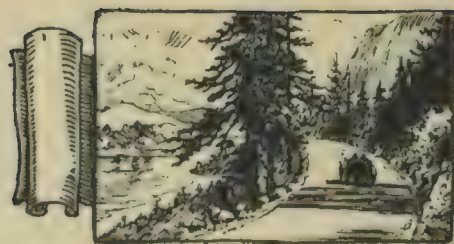
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# THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

## THE NEW LITTLE 7-H.P. FIAT.

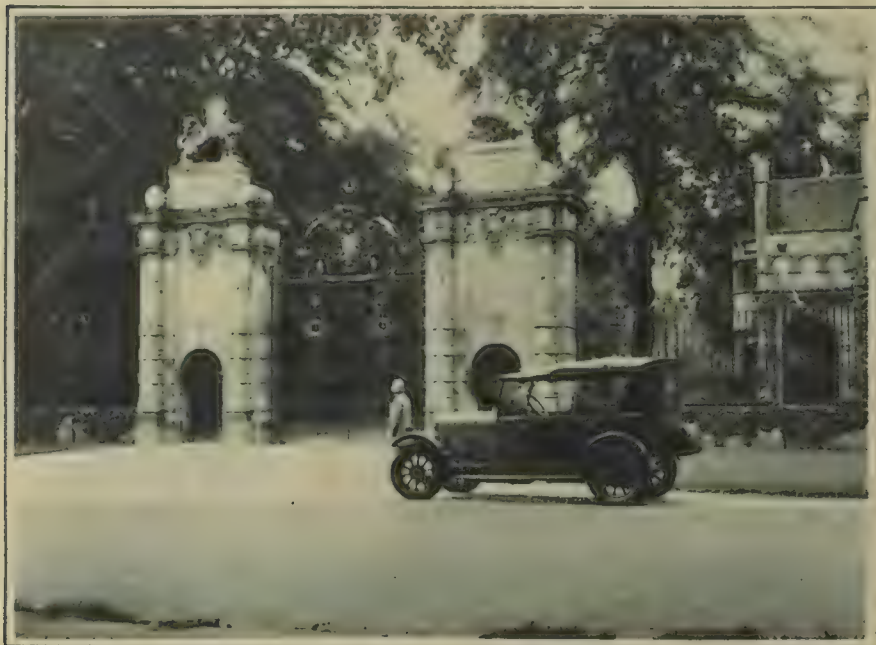
IT is not often that a new model from a very old-established firm has aroused so much interest as has the new little 7-h.p. Fiat, which made its first appearance at the last Motor Show. For a

opinion is justified, for the little Fiat is very well sprung.

A centrally controlled three-speed gear-box is fitted, connecting with the fly-wheel through a single dry plate clutch. Gear-changing is extremely easy, except in one point. The second speed is very low, and the gap between it and top is so wide that if you want to make a noiseless change, you must wait a considerable time for the shafts to slow down. The lowness of this gear ratio is the only real fault I have to find with the car, and if one were to use it in the country of its manufacture, for whose mountainous roads it was obviously designed, one could not regard it as a fault. In comparatively level country like England, however, it is a draw-

This, you may say with justice, would be considered a good performance in any car of this size, and I agree. I was told, however, on quite excellent authority that something like sixty miles an hour can be reached in favourable circumstances, and I believe it. For I have very seldom driven any engine so beautifully balanced. Crankshaft vibration is one of the things I hate most in motoring, and for which I always most jealously look out. I could not discover the slightest trace of it here, which was all the more gratifying because the car was very new; and remarkable, because the shaft has only two bearings.

The two features about the performance of the Fiat which I liked best were its extreme liveliness and powers of acceleration on top, and its four-wheel brakes. The combination of swift get-away and quite extraordinary easy stopping was delightful. I put the Fiat brakes very high in the list. Unlike a good many overhead valve gears, the Fiat's make scarcely any noise at all, and even when the engine is being driven all out, the noiselessness of its running is quite remarkable. The gears, too, have anything but a pronounced hum, the only noise which is liable to be at all offensive being that of the exhaust. I think this could be very easily corrected by the owner by simply fixing a flexible extension to the end of the pipe and carrying the outlet as far aft as possible. The body-work is built in England,



BY THE FAMOUS LION GATES OF WELBECK ABBEY: AN 11-22-H.P. ALL-GEAR-ENGINE'D WOLSELEY FOUR-SEATER IN THE DUKERIES.

great many years the Fiat Company have maintained their excellent reputation with cars of a pretty generous size, and the arrival of this baby model is something in the nature of an event.

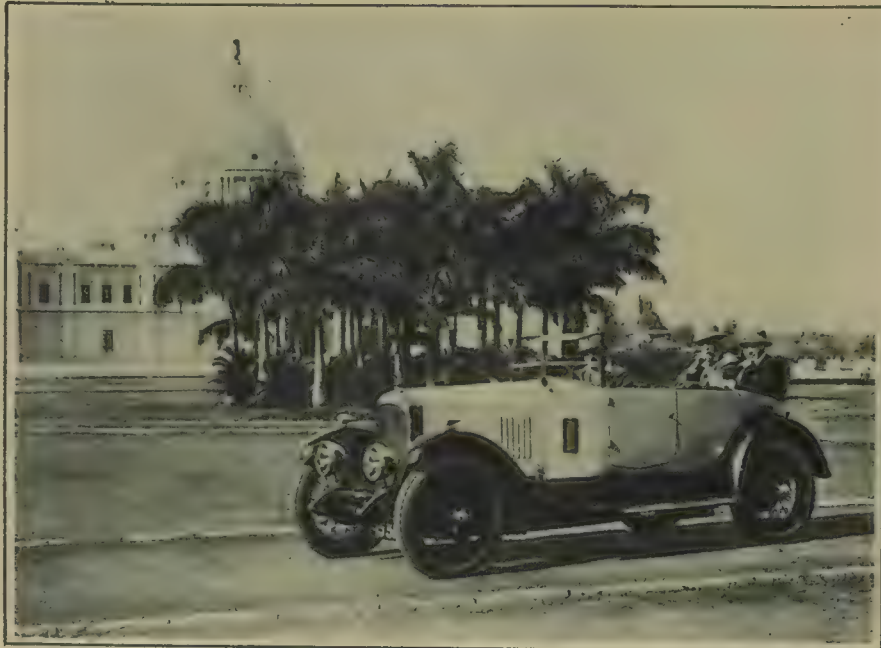
I don't really know why I have labelled it with that rather vague term, "baby," because, as a matter of fact, the open four-seater I tried is quite as roomy as the coachwork on cars of nominally higher power, and the dimensions of the engine itself—57 by 97—keep it well out of the smallest class of all. Nor does it look small, the lines of the whole car from radiator to back springs being very well proportioned. I suppose it is because of the nominal horsepower figure, seven, that it has acquired this rather foolish name—and that, too, is very misleading, the power delivered by the engine being greatly in excess of that.

The engine of this little car is frankly a delight to look upon, having all the usual cleanliness of outline and neatness of components—disposal which you usually get in all high-class Italian cars. The overhead valves are operated by an overhead camshaft which is driven by two chains from the rear-end of the engine. The positions of the dynamo and magneto are very novel, especially that of the latter, which is driven off the rear-end of the engine. Unlikely as it sounds, I thought this position rather good, as the contact-breaker can be very easily inspected and handled by lifting the floor boards, and it could scarcely be in a more protected position. The dynamo is coupled directly to the front end of the crank-shaft, and just projects below the bottom of the radiator.

The lubrication, which is by pump, is distinguished by an admirable danger indicator, which takes the form of a small blue electric lamp on the dash. Whenever the pressure comes dangerously close to the safety point, you are warned of it by the lamp. Similarly you are warned by a red lamp at all times when the accumulators are discharging. The makers are justly proud, in my opinion, of the fact that the whole of the electrical plant forms an integral part of the chassis-construction, and has not been added on afterwards. The springs are half-elliptic all round, a design which I still believe to be unsurpassed for ordinary use, except by special and unorthodox systems. In this case my

back, in spite of the fact that the flexibility of the engine on top gear is really remarkable.

I was not very lucky in the day when I tested the Fiat, because it was extremely cold, and, as the engine is inclined to be decidedly over-cooled in this climate, I do not suppose I got anything like the best out of it. It is a radiator and cooling system which I should be very glad to have climbing the Alpine passes in July, but on a chilly early summer day in England it has a repressive effect on the life of the engine. Even at the end of a



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ON THE BANKS OF THE LAKE AT WISLEY: ONE OF THE NEW 18-50-H.P. CROSSLEY "SIXES."

couple of hours' hard running, the engine was still suffering from carburation-missing. I was never able to do more than approach fifty miles an hour.

and, considering that the price is only £235 for the four-seater, I thought it distinctly well finished. There is not too much room in the driving seat for a tall man, the steering-wheel coming rather uncomfortably close to one's waist, but there is plenty of room for the front and back passengers, especially in the rear compartment. Only two doors are fitted, one on either side, and the entrance to the back seat is made by climbing over the front ones, which are made collapsible for the purpose. This is not, however, such a disadvantage as it might at first appear, as the doors are very wide. A good hood is supplied, with rigid side curtains of the usual type. The upholstery is neat without being luxurious, and, taking one thing with another, I think it is excellent value. Whatever other drawbacks might be discovered by the buyer, he would be hard to please if he were not fully consoled by the possession of that gorgeous little engine.



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View of Saloon Interior, showing occasional Folding Seats.





## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

## MUSICAL FESTIVALS

NOW that the London season is over, the musical world reposes for a breathing space, but it is not a very long one. In August there are musical festivals of various kinds at home and abroad which will attract people of musical tastes who do not quite know how or where to spend their holidays. There is, for example, the famous Salzburg Festival, which begins on Aug. 7 at that charming Austrian town where Mozart was born. I know of no more delightful spot for an August holiday than this clear, brilliant, gay little semi-capital among the mountains. Salzburg is one of the most attractive architecturally of all mid-European towns, with its gay cream and buff colours, and its Baroque palaces and churches, and there are delightful lakes within easy distance.

This year's festival is under the direction of Max Reinhardt, Richard Strauss, F. Schalk, Bruno Walter, and others, and is a combined dramatic, operatic, and musical festival. Under Reinhardt's direction, Goethe's "Faust" and a Goldoni comedy will be performed, as well as Hugo von Hofmannsthal's "Everyman." The operas to be given are Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos," Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte," "Il Seraglio," and "Don Giovanni," and there will be four orchestral concerts and a number of chamber-music concerts. The artists are drawn from the leading German and Austrian theatres, and the performances are generally on a very high level. In Munich there is the usual Wagner festival at the Prinz-Regenten Theatre, and from Munich to Salzburg is a pleasant motor journey.

Nearer at home, the Dolmetsch family are giving a festival of seventeenth and eighteenth century music at Haslemere in the Haslemere Hall. These concerts with viols and harpsichord have a character of their own, and I can imagine no greater inducement to spend a week in the lovely country around Hindhead and Haslemere than the knowledge that, when tired of nature, the resources of art are at hand as a diversion and relaxation. This is especially true when the art is that of our long-neglected Tudor and Elizabethan composers, performed with the understanding and technical skill of Mr. Dolmetsch and his family.

The Glastonbury Festival, of which Mr. Rutland Boughton, the composer of "The Immortal Hour," is

the founder, is not on a large scale this year, and is confined principally to dramatic performances. Mr. Laurence Housman's "Little Plays of St. Francis" and "Prunella" make up the bulk of the programme.

It is a pity that we have not been able to organise in this country any Summer Festival of Music and Drama on a scale comparable with what the Germans provide at Munich and Salzburg. It is true, of course, that we are not so favourably situated. People go to Munich and Salzburg from all parts of Europe, and there are plenty of attractions to take them there quite apart from the musical festivals. Munich, which is half the size of Birmingham, is a beautiful city rich in art treasures, and with all sorts of natural and artificial amenities. On the beauties of Birmingham there is no need to dilate. There is the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, which is kept going by the long purse of Sir Barry Jackson. In Munich there are a dozen first-rate theatres. But Munich, although a large industrial city, is not begrimed and befouled with the worst features of industrialism, as our Midland towns are; it is clean, spacious, orderly, and gay.

Also, we have very little in the way of national opera to perform, although there is no reason at all why a musical festival should confine itself to indigenous compositions. A sprinkling of English works, beginning with Purcell's "Dido and Æneas" could be given; and if the musical side were combined with the dramatic, then we should have plenty of material available, for we are very rich in dramatic literature, however poor we may be in musical masterpieces. When the new Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon is rebuilt, it is to be hoped that an attempt will be made to hold a combined dramatic and musical festival every year there. There is no reason why it should be confined to Shakespeare's plays, although they ought to form some part of the scheme. It is also to be hoped that the new theatre will be constructed on the best modern principles, and that it will be more convenient for the actors and more comfortable for the spectators than the old one, as well as more architecturally attractive.

One of the reasons why we are not more successful in our musical and dramatic festivals and in similar activities is that we do not take them seriously enough. We do not get the best available talents and organise them thoroughly. We look upon these festivals as if they were charity entertainments, to be managed with plenty of good-will and compromise,

and with everybody turning his blind eye to his neighbours' faults. There is a complete lack of the hard professional or the keen amateur instinct. It is all regarded as an excuse for a display of mediocre abilities which are not being rewarded in the workaday world. This attitude is not only fatal to all artistic merit, but it is commercially ruinous. The moment any art begins to be regarded as a commodity of invariable value which is put beyond criticism the moment it is described as "art," there is no hope of getting anything good achieved. It is essential to the successful organisation of musical festivals that the organisers should have the highest European standards, and that they should be utterly ruthless in their determination to apply them to the business in hand. But nearly always, at our English musical festivals, we see the same process of log-rolling, of favouritism, of officialism, of clique-ism, and partisanship. Nothing is more difficult than to find an artistic dictator of catholic tastes who likes many kinds of good, but only the good, and is not influenced in his æsthetic judgments by personal friendships. But without such men as organisers and directors it is impossible to get anything done that is worth doing. If Mr. Diaghileff died to-morrow, it is probable that the Russian Ballet would cease to exist, although all the talent—the choregraphists, the composers, the dancers, the musicians, the painters and designers were still available. So to-day, there is in this country a vast amount of musical and dramatic talent going to waste for want of a Diaghileff to organise and direct it.

The average entrepreneur or theatrical adventurer is purely commercial, has not an idea in his head, and lacks completely the rudiments of taste or judgment. He is constantly getting fresh financial support from the City and from other quarters for his worthless theatrical schemes. Hundreds of thousands of pounds are lost in London annually over rubbishy theatrical ventures for which there is nothing good to be said. Year after year all this money is lost, but it has not been lost in the service of art; there has been no attempt to do anything really first-rate with it, it has merely been thrown away in a purely commercial gamble. Fortunes are thus squandered without any sense of direction, and all this bad work is not only bad in itself, but it keeps away from the public the good work which not only might give people enjoyment, but might prove remunerative also.

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## TALKING MACHINE NOTES.

DAME NELLIE MELBA having said "Farewell" to the operatic and concert stages, it remains for the gramophone to recreate her art for those who would revive memories of "Melba" nights at Covent Garden, or those who, being of a younger generation, wish to know why Melba reigned for so long as the almost unchallenged Queen of Song.

The gramophonist of to-day owes a good deal to Melba, for she was one of the first really great artists to recognise, over twenty years ago, the possibilities of the gramophone. Her support when at the height of her fame helped to give the "talking machine" a status, and to make easier the task of its sponsors, who were finding it difficult to overcome the prejudices of famous singers against recording. Even in Melba's case the conquering of her aversion to the gramophone (based on her experience of the very earliest type) was only accomplished by following her over half Europe: and when, so to speak, the *diva* was run to earth, a ruse was resorted to in order that she might be induced to listen to the gramophone without knowing that she was doing so.

It happened that one of Melba's protégées, a young American soprano, had made a very lovely record of Musetta's Valse Song from "La Bohème." Every effort was made to get Melba to listen to this record. She left London without doing so, and was followed to Paris, but still without success. It was not until she was at Monte Carlo for the winter that an opportunity came. Bidding his time, the "gramophone man" found himself invited to a luncheon party at which the prima donna was to be present. By a stroke of luck he managed to interest his hostess in his project, and she promised to help. So all in good time, when a truly representative musical gathering, which included Melba and Saint-Saëns, was at lunch, the coffee stage having arrived, the hostess smilingly remarked, "I am going to give you a little concert, but my friends are in the next room; you will hear them quite well from here." Then, from an inner room, came the first notes of Musetta's Valse. Melba started slightly as she listened. "Why," she cried out, "that's Elizabeth Parkina." That was the end of Melba's opposition to the gramophone, and soon after she made her first records.

At present, electrical recording is still a novelty, and so much music already recorded under the older methods is on the "waiting list" that selectivity does not count greatly at the moment. It has now lost the rather nasal tone that characterised the first of these recordings, and one can feel that the technique of the recorders in their new medium is improving rapidly. To take one example: the "His Master's Voice" recordings of "Parsifal" were quite wonderful, but their great power was accompanied by a stridency of a quality quite new. Hear the latest Wagner records—the "Fire Music" from the "Valkyrie," "Siegfried's Journey to the Rhine," and "Siegfried's Funeral March"—which were made by a symphony orchestra of ninety-four players in Queen's Hall, and you have depth and grandeur that almost take one's breath away, so faithful are they to the original.

The first examples to hand of relay recording from actual operatic performances at Covent Garden have now been issued by "His Master's Voice." There are



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two double-sided records, one of Chaliapine in "Mefistofele," "Son lo spirito" (The Whistling Song)—and what a gorgeous and devilish whistle!—the other a part of the Broken Scene with Chorus, "Ridda e fuga infernale." The second record is by Melba, taken at her "Farewell" performance. The one side is from Act III. of "La Bohème," "Donde lieta" (To the home that she left), the other is the great singer's own Farewell Speech. Both records are superb. They must be heard to be believed. The last illusion is gone, and one is attending a public performance in a spacious building with the glamour of a big audience bringing out the best from the artists. It is the beginning of yet another chapter in gramophone history.

The Columbia Company are also working on these new methods, and promise records of the vast chorus and orchestra of the Handel Festival, taken from the Crystal Palace. These are indeed stirring times, gramophonically speaking.

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## RADIO NOTES.

SOME very interesting particulars of the work of the British Broadcasting Company since its inception three and a-half years ago are given in a memorandum which has been issued for the information of Members of Parliament. During the year ended



GOLF ON A CITY ROOF: PUTTING ON ADELAIDE HOUSE, LONDON BRIDGE.—[Photograph by Special Press.]

on March 31 last the British radio public had contributed £982,000 in payment for licenses. Of that amount, £500,000 reached the British Broadcasting Company, and a balance of £284,000 was retained by the Post Office. At the end of May 1926 the total number of licenses in force was 2,049,549, and it is interesting to know that in urban districts throughout Great Britain there is a receiving license for every third or fourth house.

The B.B.C.'s scheme for a number of regional high-powered stations proposes to bring the whole of the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland within a service area of broadcasting distribution allowing at least two simultaneous programmes to be selected with the aid of simple apparatus, and at low cost.

As the number of licenses grows, more and more letters from listeners giving their views, opinions, and

so forth are received at the B.B.C. headquarters and the respective stations. London station receives, on an average, 3600 letters weekly. The percentage of time devoted to various branches of the daily programmes from all stations is: music, 62.17; talks, 20.83; children's corner, 7.4; religious services, 4.18; drama, 1.69; special features, 1.67; and miscellaneous, 2.06.

When the present broadcasting service is taken over at the end of December next by a public corporation on termination of the B.B.C.'s license, the latter company will be able, after paying its shareholders at par, to hand over the entire organisation in a high state of efficiency at no cost to the new authority.

In regard to the future of broadcasting, the memorandum states that "the rapidity of the development of the broadcasting service in the past three and a-half years is admittedly remarkable. Where there was nothing before the end of 1922, there is now an established national institution with enormous power and still unmeasured potentialities. To stultify the growth of this great service through restricting its scope or withholding the funds which are its due would be a grave misfortune to the country. There would appear to be a tendency in some quarters to assess the future financial requirements of the service on the basis of past accounts, the presumption being that programmes may well be stabilised at their present standard. The B.B.C. maintains that such an attitude is altogether wrong. It feels that, however great has been the development of broadcasting in the past three and a-half years, it is still in its comparatively early stages. The next step forward is the substitution of a new system of distribution which should enable nearly every listener in the United Kingdom to have the choice of at least two programmes available simultaneously on the cheapest and simplest apparatus. On the engineering side, this step will require the erection of a number of high-power stations; and, on the programme side, will entail the provision of more highly specialised, more varied, and therefore more expensive programmes. . . . The affairs of the company are managed without extravagance and with the economic efficiency which

is characteristic of successful commercial enterprises. Dealings with the public and with other organisations are prompt and direct. Bureaucratic methods are excluded. It is of great importance that this spirit and responsibility be maintained. The B.C.C. feels that the service cannot stand still. If it does not go forward, it must decline. The saturation point of productive and efficient expenditure on the broadcasting service is not yet within sight. Moreover, if it is desirable to make broadcasting a permanently supplementary source of public revenue, much more satisfactory results may be reasonably anticipated if the service is more fully developed, particularly in research, equipment, and improved quality and variety of programmes, before its financial resources are curtailed. Lord Crawford's Committee in its Report, 9 C (3), is quite clear on this point: "... when an adequate service has been assured, but not until then, it is expedient that the surplus be retained by the State."



FORMERLY MISS EDITH SWINBURNE: MRS. CLIFFORD ELLINGWORTH.

The wedding of Miss Edith Swinburne, daughter of the Hon. George Swinburne, and Dr. Clifford Ellingworth, Medical Superintendent of the West London Hospital, was celebrated the other day at St. Paul's, Hammersmith. The bride was presented at Court last year. Mr. Swinburne was the Australian representative at the Geneva Conference in 1925.

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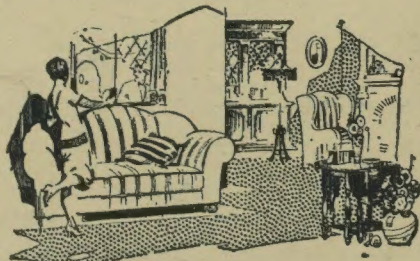
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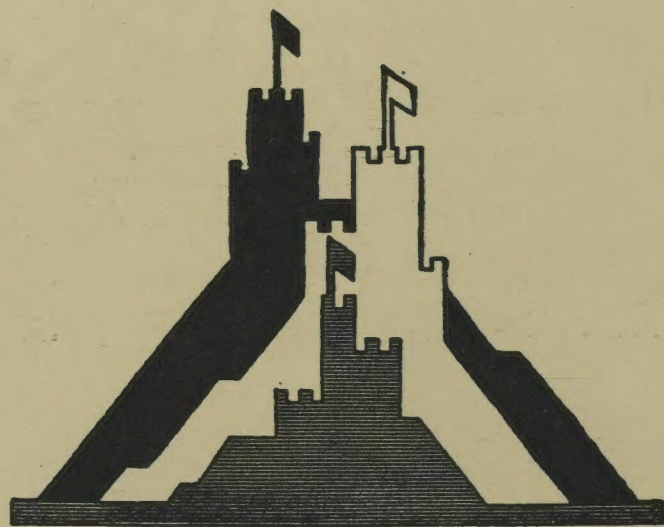
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